

THE GEOGRAPHIC

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DE LUXE

SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1902

WITH EXTRA COLOURED SUPPLEMENT
"The Mail Coach in a Thunderstorm"

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DRAWN BY W. T. MAUD

The Boer prisoners in the various camps occasionally have light-hearted moments. Among the cedar trees on the islands of the great Sound, Bermuda, many have built themselves picturesque shanties out of poles and palm leaves, and in these they carry on carpentering, billiards, ping-pong. They also amuse themselves with pleasure, as the makers of the tables charge their fellow-prisoners for the use of them. Thus their imprisonment is not necessarily unhappy, for they

may play all day if they like, oblivious of the sentries and gunboats on guard, while the cedar-scented air, tinged with the song of many birds, is always soft and balmy. The Boer looking on at the game and his companion sitting on the bank have taken an oath not to have their hair cut till the war is over.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF PRISON LIFE: BOER PRISONERS AT BERMUDA PLAYING AT PING-PONG

Topics of the Week

"Viva el Rey!"

THE whole world has watched with sympathetic interest the formal inauguration of the effective period in the reign of Alphonso XIII. of Spain. The young King has assumed the reins of power surrounded by every circumstance of happy omen. His people centre their hopes in him; every nation in the world wishes him well. There is much to do in his ancient kingdom, which, during the last thirty-five years, has suffered so much, and it is only a natural superstition which sees in his young life the promise of an activity which may give back to the nation much of its old prosperity and something of its ancient glory. The superstition is not only natural, but it is fortified by a large measure of solid political experience. There is no more remarkable phenomenon in modern history than the return to the monarchical tradition which has so conspicuously marked the close of the nineteenth and the dawn of the twentieth century. Fifty years ago almost every Throne in Europe seemed doomed. To-day the chief reality in government is that dream of the Napoleons—which the Napoleons alone have been prohibited from realising—the Democratic Monarchy. The world has learnt to regard the Crown, under new conditions of responsibility, as a better safeguard of popular interests than any system of purely democratic government, and the danger to-day is not so much in the direction of limiting the prerogatives of the Sovereign as in that of unduly extending them. Spain has tasted more deeply of the experiences which have led to this conclusion than any other country of Europe. Since 1868 she has overturned two dynasties, and has twice in despair upset the Republic. If she now looks forward with confidence to the reign of a new King it is because for sixteen years she has experienced the tranquillity of a real constitutionalism, and she expects that the traditions so admirably exemplified by the Queen Regent, will be sustained by her son, who has grown up under her wise guidance. The task before the young King is a heavy one. During the Regency many elements of disorder and discontent have been held in suspense. The Parliamentary Constitution is wanting in honesty; provincial interests are still at the mercy of an old-world centralisation. The country is beset by serious economic problems, and these problems have given rise to fresh social dangers. The solution of these questions is the mission of Alphonso XIII., and on this solution depends the safety of his throne and the renaissance of Spain. The world desires to see a strong, contented, and prosperous Spain, and all its best wishes go out to the new King in his efforts to achieve this end.

The Safety of Railways

WHATEVER causes for complaint railway passengers may still have respecting speed and punctuality, the evidence afforded by Board of Trade statistics proves conclusively that they travel much more safely than in former times. Last year was quite a record of success in the attainment of that cardinal object. For the first time, not a single passenger was killed in transit throughout the United Kingdom, an almost miraculous degree of immunity considering the hundreds of millions who were carried. But 1901 also distinguished itself by very largely reducing the number of accidents, not attended by fatal consequences, to passengers, the diminution amounting to nearly fifty per cent. as compared with the previous twelve months. The employés, likewise, derived great benefit from the greater care bestowed on safety—insurance; the number killed diminished by two-thirds, and the injured also compared to advantage. It may be granted that much remains to be accomplished before the maximum of security is attained on all lines. But good progress is evidently being made towards the realisation of that ideal, and England may congratulate herself on being unsurpassed in looking after the lives and limbs of railway passengers. That is better worth boasting about than some trifling superiority in speed under exceptional conditions, although it still remains to be proved whether, even in that respect, we need confess inferiority. Of infinitely greater consequence, however, is it to introduce every successful improvement, such as automatic coupling and signalling, having for its object the elimination of that always uncertain factor, human agency.

Motor Ugliness

IT was certainly full time for constituted authority to address itself in earnest to the question of improving the appearance of motor conveyances. Most of those now in use are nightmares of ugliness; it is wholly impossible to discover a single line of beauty in their contours, while their colouring is apt to be either funereal or utterly

inharmonious. Up to the present inventors have concentrated all their thoughts on the acceleration of speed and the diminution of discomfort. But the pace of an express train being attained, while the motorist has learned to protect his face from the wind by investing it with hideous appendages, æsthetic considerations should be given some weight. The public will be glad, therefore, to see that among the prizes offered at the Bexhill speed trials, one was for the car presenting the most comely appearance. That is, at all events, something of a beginning; it indicates the dawning of a perception that utilitarianism should not be allowed to exclusively dominate this new adjunct in national enjoyment.

Sun Spots and Seismic Convulsions

THERE are few more interesting or more important questions in scientific meteorology than whether any connection exists between what are known as "sun spots" and those terrestrial phenomena, earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. Sir Norman Lockyer has, at all events, advanced so far in this inquiry as to be able to assert that the most disastrous seismic disturbances have occurred "round the dates of the sun-spot maximum and minimum." He supports this opinion with a number of instances of coincidence, and it is evidently his conviction that the long-suspected connection does exist. It is greatly to be hoped, therefore, that meteorological observers in the West Indies will respond to his request for barometrical readings for the two months prior to the eruption at St. Pierre. That information would help to some extent in arriving at decision as to whether seismic disturbances of a serious character give due warning of their approach. Furnished with trustworthy knowledge on that point, meteorologists might be able to caution the inhabitants of the menaced areas to prepare for a flitting at any moment, thus facilitating the removal of valuable belongings to some place of safety.

The Court

THE King and Queen have spent the Whitsuntide holidays at Windsor, entertaining a few friends at the Castle. Before leaving town their Majesties held their third Court at Buckingham Palace, which was as largely attended as the preceding one, but there were not so many presentations. Those ladies who simply attended did not pass before the King and Queen, but took up their position in the Ballroom. The Royal group behind the King and Queen was smaller than usual, for the Princess of Wales was absent, Princess Christian was represented by her elder daughter, and neither Princesses Louise nor Beatrice attended. Princess Victoria, however, was with Queen Alexandra. The King's private band played in the Musicians' Gallery during the Court, and at the close the Royal party had supper with a few friends, while the rest of the company found substantial refreshments and hot soup at the buffets.

When the King and Queen went down to Windsor on Saturday afternoon they were accompanied by Princess Victoria and Prince Arthur of Connaught and found a large crowd outside Paddington station to see them off. More crowds greeted the Royal party at Windsor, and, in spite of the rough weather, the King and Queen drove up to the Castle in an open carriage, saluted by a guard of honour from the Scots Guards on Castle Hill. The Russian Ambassador and Earl and Countess Selborne arrived later on a visit and dined with their Majesties. On Whit Sunday the King and Queen, with Princess Victoria and Prince Arthur, were present at Divine Service in the private chapel, the Prince of Wales also coming from Frogmore, where the Prince and Princess were staying. Some of the choir from St. George's Chapel attended and the Dean of Windsor preached. In the afternoon the Royal party went to Frogmore to see the Prince and Princess of Wales and they also listened from the Castle drawing-rooms to the bands of the Life Guards and Scots Guards playing on the Terrace slopes, where the public were admitted. There was another dinner-party in the evening. Their Majesties were expected back in town on Thursday, and for the next few weeks there will be little leisure for either King or Queen in the stress of Coronation preparations.

Coronation week will find the whole nation making holiday, for no Government office nor legal court will be open, all schools are to have a week's vacation at the King's desire, and in all probability, the most important shops will put up their shutters on June 26 and 27. Following the idea of the King's feasting the poor, the Prince and Princess have invited 2,400 London children to Marlborough House on the two great days for the little ones to see the processions and to enjoy dinner afterwards in the gardens. Each guest, too, is to have a souvenir mug adorned with Royal portraits. With reference to the King's dinner on July 5, His Majesty's guests from the City of London are to be entertained in the Guildhall, where the decorations will be left up from the King and Queen's visit two days earlier. When their Majesties go to the City on July 3, they will enter the City bounds by way of the Thames Embankment, being received with the traditional ceremonial as they pass to St. Paul's, where school children will be massed outside. After the Service, their route to the Guildhall will be by Queen Victoria Street, Lothbury and Basinghall Street, returning the same way. The City illuminations promise to be magnificent. A huge Royal crown will surmount the Mansion House, and London Bridge will be a vista of red, white, and blue lamps.

"Place aux Dames"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

THE present King is not as fortunate in the matter of weather as the late Queen used to be. At each of the Courts held this year the rain and the wind have made matters unpleasant. At the last Court the streets were muddy and wet, and the ardour of the sight-seers was, consequently, somewhat damped. But the sight in the Palace proved surprisingly brilliant, and the new arrangement by which the King and Queen made a Royal progress through the rooms proved exceedingly picturesque. The Queen's dress, a glittering mass of silver and diamonds, was almost dazzling to look at, and the effect of the train held up by two little pages as she walked was very pretty. It must have been no small exertion for Royalty to walk through several large rooms at a slow and dignified pace, bowing as they went along.

Diamonds were magnificent, and one or two ladies' corsages were almost covered with a mass of jewels. A rose-pink velvet made an Empire gown look lovely; a great deal of white and embroidery was worn, and a few lace and chiffon trains. The Duchess of Buccleuch wore a black lace train over a dress of white chiffon, and Lady Lansdowne a black lace train over a black dress. It was somewhat amusing to note the extraordinary variety ladies managed to exhibit in the arrangement of the regulation three feathers. Some had them standing up high in front, others put them all on one side, while others again tucked them away almost at the back of their hair and in their neck. The long veils proved very embarrassing, catching in the men's uniforms, in the bouquets and ornaments.

The Queen of Spain has accomplished the task she set herself sixteen years ago. She has brought up her son, and seen him begin his reign and accepted by his people. Only the greatest courage and patience and enthusiasm have enabled her to do this. A stranger in a foreign land, which was torn by internal dissension, with its inhabitants inspired by the most ardent jealousy of her nationality, she has literally made the country of her adoption her own, and has never left it for a single day. Her devotion to her son has met with a just reward. The delicate child has grown into a handsome young man, who adores his mother, and will no doubt be guided in his future career by her wise and prudent counsels. The Royal Family of Spain lead a simple and domestic life. They rise early, dress plainly, and their example might with advantage be copied by any ordinary individual. A course of severe study, of exercise, and of open-air occupations has been the daily routine of the boy King. He is full of high spirits, of boyish grace, and of kingly dignity, and his mother has every reason to be proud of the task she has so admirably concluded.

Probably the children whom the Prince and Princess of Wales are going to entertain will enjoy the Coronation Procession more than anyone else in London. It will all be fairyland to them, and they will be haunted by no sense of responsibility or fear of failure. Here at least there exists no chance of displeasing the tiny guests, their interest will only be equalled by their satisfaction. Much as one dislikes the idea of grown-up parties, with late hours and unwholesome food for the children of the rich, one heartily welcomes any glimpse of a happier life for the children of the poor, any little ray of sunshine falling on their dull lives and brightening them with extraneous pleasures and delightful novelty. The recollection of this happy day will form a pleasant memory in after years when the children are grown men and women.

A woman has again shown marvellous business talents, but this time her conduct is neither fine nor admirable. The extraordinary story from Paris, as interesting as it is improbable, almost makes one believe in the truth of the saying of Victor Hugo that "Dolls are the playthings of children, children the playthings of men, men the playthings of women, and women the playthings of the devil." So marvellously great is the power of women to deceive, to cajole, to influence and to ruin.

Everything is stamped with the Coronation mark this year. Concerts, operas, amusements, bazaars, charities, even stockings. The latest novelty are black stockings embroidered all over with crowns. Thus far and no farther can the imagination of the tradesman go. The innate loyalty of the British subject no doubt will make women buy and wear them.

Queen Victoria's personal relics and belongings are now nearly all stored in Kensington Palace, and are possessed of a unique interest. Among the objects to be seen are her dressing case of ebony, standing nearly six feet high, an almost exploded *objet de luxe*, nowadays dressing bags, jewel cases, and scent cases having taken its place. Queen Victoria used the jewel drawers of her dressing case for her decorations and orders. In two other ebony cabinets she kept jewellery. Many books are there also with personal inscriptions and autographs from the Queen, stored in what was her Majesty's old schoolroom, and mingled with old school and copy books. These humble objects remind one of the careful and serious education our monarchs receive.

ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES ON

"HOW TO TELL CHARACTER FROM HANDWRITING"

AND

"CLEVER CONSTABLES."

Are among the interesting features of this week's

GOLDEN PENNY.

HOSPITAL SUNDAY, JUNE 15TH.

PATRON—HIS MAJESTY THE KING.
39th year.
COLLECTED £1,116,362.

A generous supporter of this Fund will give one-fourth of the amount collected in the Places of Worship on Hospital Sunday, so that EVERY SOVEREIGN SUBSCRIBED WILL ENSURE AN ADDITIONAL FIVE SHILLINGS BEING GIVEN TO THE HOSPITALS AND DISPENSARIES.

HOSPITAL SUNDAY, JUNE 15TH.

PATRON—HIS MAJESTY THE KING.
39th year.
COLLECTED £1,116,362.

Contributions are specially asked from Residents in London who may be absent on Hospital Sunday, and these should be sent to the Clergy and Ministers, to be added to the Collections on June 15th.

HOSPITAL SUNDAY, JUNE 15TH.

PATRON—HIS MAJESTY THE KING.
39th year.
COLLECTED £1,116,362.

The Rt. Hon. Sir Joseph C. Dimsdale, Lord Mayor, M.P., President and Treasurer, will be glad to receive donations sent to the Mansion House, to be added to the Collections at St. Paul's Cathedral, which he will attend on June 15th.

DR. LUNN'S ARRANGEMENTS.

THE CORONATION PROCESSION.—TRAFALGAR SQUARE, GRAND STAND, with Awning, from £33s. BOROUGH POLYTECHNIC, from £1 11s. 6d. Other seats at various points on the two Routes.

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Full particulars from Secretary, 5, Endsleigh Gardens, London, N.W.

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FROM	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Victoria	9 25 10	5 10 10 10 40 11	0 11	5 11 15 11 40 12 15					
Kensington	9 10	10 15	11 15 ..		
London Bridge	9 25	9 25	12 0 ..		

(Addison Road.) A.—Sundays, Hastings 10s. 6d., Bexhill and Eastbourne, 10s. 1st Class. B.—Week-days, 12s. Brighton, 13s. Worthing (Pullman Car to Brighton). C.—Sunday Cyclists' Trains alternately to Horley, Three Bridges, and East Grinstead; or to Sutton, Dorking, Ockley, Horsham. D.—Brighton, Saturdays, 10s. 6d. 1st Cl. E.—Sundays, Brighton and Worthing, Brighton "Pullman Limited," 12s. F.—Sundays, Brighton and Worthing, 10s. 1st, 12s. (Pullman Car to Brighton). G.—Sundays, Eastbourne, Pullman Car, 12s. H.—Sundays, Brighton, 10s. 1st Cl, 12s. Pullman Car.

SEASIDE FOR 8 OR 15 DAYS.—From London and Suburban Stations. Wednesdays, 6s. to Brighton, 6s. 6d. Worthing. Thursdays, 6s. 6d. to Seaford, 7s. Eastbourne, Bexhill and Hastings. Fridays, 6s. 6d. to Littlehampton, 7s. Bognor and Chichester.

WEEK-END TICKETS to all South Coast Seaside places (Hastings to Portsmouth and Isle of Wight inclusive) from London and Suburban Stations, Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays.

Full particulars of Superintendent of the Line, London Bridge Terminus.

SUMMER TOURS IN SCOTLAND.—THE ROYAL ROUTE. COLUMBA, IONA, &c., SAIL DAILY, MAY TILL OCTOBER. Official Guide 6d. and 1s. Tourist Programme post free from DAVID MACBRAYNE, 119, HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.

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Tons	Tons
AUSTRAL	5,524
OMRAH (Twin Screw)	8,291
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ORIZABA	6,297
OKOTAVA	5,857
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OROYA	6,297
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Particulars of the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.

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St. Magnus Hotel, Hillswick, Shetland, under the Company's management. Comfortable quarters, excellent cuisine, and moderate terms. Grand rock scenery, good loch and sea fishing in neighbourhood.

Full particulars from Aberdeen Steam Navigation Company, 102, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.; Wexlie and Co., 75, West Nile Street, Glasgow; George Houston, Waterloo Place, Edinburgh; and Lower Place, Leith.

CHARLES MERRYLEES, Manager, Aberdeen.

CORK INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1902. OPEN MAY TO NOVEMBER.

A Great International Exhibition will be held in Cork, from May to November this year, under the Patronage of their Excellencies the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland and Countess Cadogan. The site is one of the most beautiful in the garden country of Ireland, and extends to over forty acres.

Cork City is the radiating centre of some of the loveliest tourist trips in these countries, including Glengarriff, Killybegs, Blarney, the Blackwater (the "Irish Rhine"), the Caves of Ballyhannon, the Cliffs of Moher, &c. The travelling facilities for such trips are of the most perfect kind.

In the Exhibition buildings and grounds the following Nations are represented: England, Scotland, Canada, United States of America, France, Belgium, Italy, Austria, Germany, Turkey, Russia, Algeria, China, and Japan.

Elaborate arrangements are being made for a full supply of Side Shows and Amusements in endless and bewildering variety, and the best Bands in the United Kingdom and many Foreign Bands of note have been engaged.

R. A. ATKINS, J.P., HONORARY SECRETARY, Exhibition Offices, Municipal Buildings, Cork.

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MELINDOPELLES HENRY IRVING. MATINEES Saturdays, May 24th and 31st, at 2. Box Office (Mr. Mackay) open daily 10 till 10.

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ST. JAMES'S. MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER. EVERY EVENING, at 8.30, p.m. usually.

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The "Daily Telegraph" says: "A grand Continental Circus and Varieties, added to an already entertaining programme."

The "Standard" says: "Intricate evolutions, comic spectacles, handsome horses, very clever equestrians."

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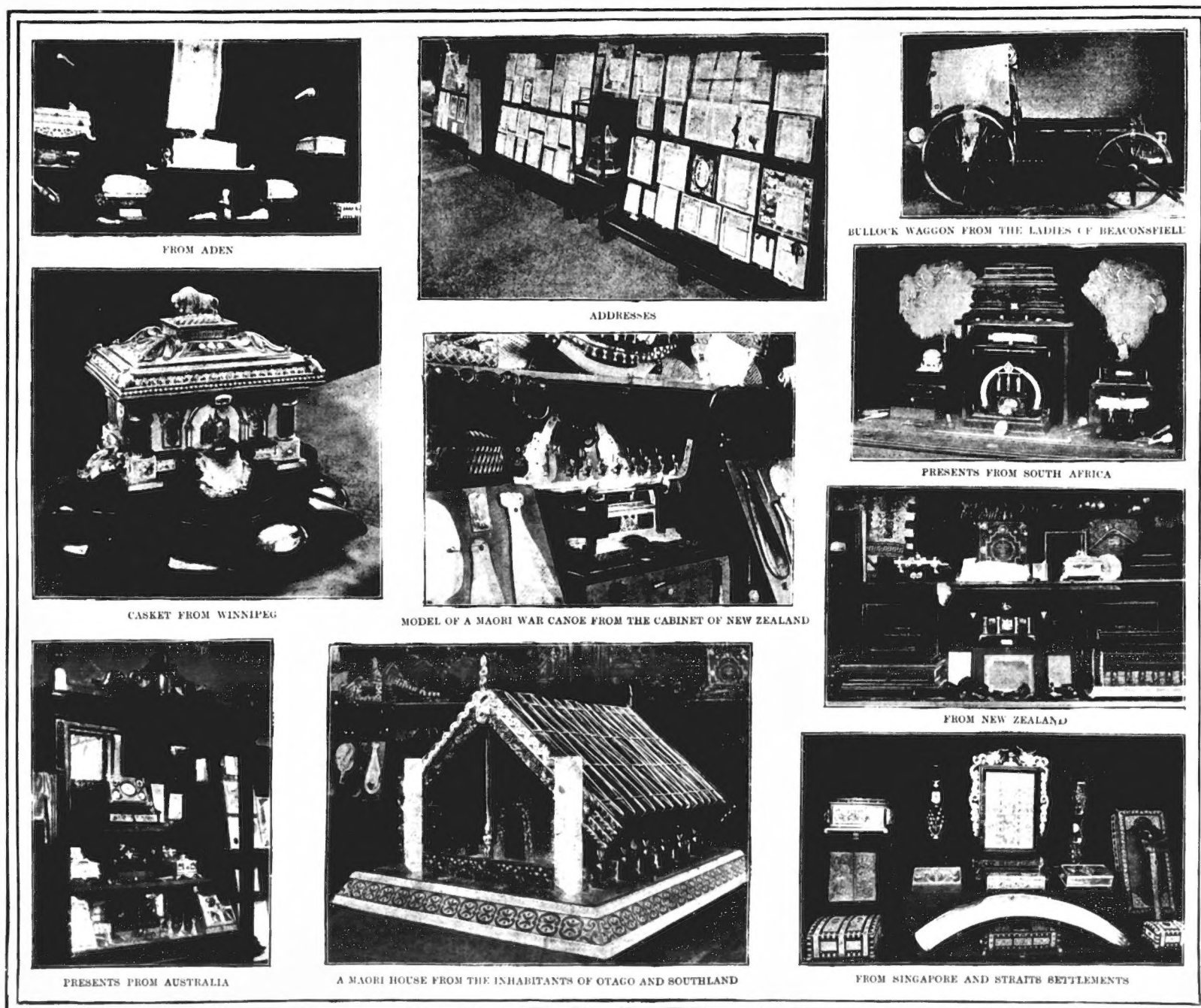
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Of Selected Pictures by British and Foreign Artists, Now Open. Admission (including Catalogue), 1s.

PRINCE'S SKATING CLUB, KNIGHTSBRIDGE.

May 24th to July 31st, 1902.—EXHIBITION of AUSTRIAN FINE ART and DECORATIVE FURNISHING under the patronage of THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES and HIS IMPERIAL and ROYAL HIGHNESS ARCHDUKE OTTO.—Open from 11 a.m. till 7 p.m., daily.—From 4.7 Director DRESCHER's celebrated Austrian band, tea room and buffet à la Viennaise managed by the HOTEL BRISTOL, Vienna.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "GRAPHIC" are as follows:—To any part of the United Kingdom 4d. per copy irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be 5d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to correctly WEIGH AND STAMP all copies so forwarded.



The collection of presents received by the Prince and Princess of Wales on their tour round the British Colonies in the *Ophir* is now being exhibited at the Imperial Institute. The shillings charged

for admission will go to swell King Edward's Coronation Fund. The presents number some 800, and are very varied in description. Our illustrations are by our Special Photographer, C. Pilkington.

MEMENTOES OF THE ROYAL TOUR: PRESENTS NOW EXHIBITED AT THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE

Club Comments

BY "MARMADUKE"

THE period of Coronation Chaos may be said to commence this week. The sound of the hammer and the prevalence of sawdust have already become annoying to the steady Londoner, but from now to the end of June a hundred and one associated evils will be added. The only commodity for which there is any general demand is "seats;" small bands of country and Colonial visitors tramp the streets throughout the day inquiring the prices of these, whilst the grocer, the hairdresser, the art-dealer and the gunsmith neglect their legitimate business to sell seats! It having been recognised that the modern Englishman is devoted to pageants, and it being obvious, therefore, that processions will be continually provided for him, a syndicate of American millionaires is negotiating to buy the West End, so as to obtain the monopoly of the "seat" industry in this country.

The experiences of the two Jubilee celebrations at the close of last century have shown that these national festivals very injuriously affect trade. That they interfere with the natural course of business is obvious, but many imagine that the downpour of money during the week or two they continue more than makes up for the decrease of the ordinary trade. That impression is erroneous. Moreover, Colonial and foreign visitors spend money at hotels, restaurants and theatres, and in one or two other directions, but they buy little at the shops, and for the very good reason that they do not wish to add considerably to the weight of their luggage when returning home. "Celebrations"—on a large scale—unsettle the London "season," and keep away many who generally frequent the town at this period, besides driving away many who live in it.

Were peace to be concluded now, the end of the war would occur at a not very opportune moment from one point of view. Until the middle of July the Coronation and its surroundings will occupy general attention; and from then to October the heat and the holidays will make business in the City slack. The conclusion of the war will be the sign for starting a vast number of companies connected with South Africa, but the public will attend little to such matters now, and, therefore, much of this kind of business must be postponed for at the least four months. The two hundred and odd millions spent in acquiring the new provinces are but an instalment, for many millions will be poured into them by private enterprise to develop the country. Building railways, lighting, draining, cultivating, prospecting, founding new towns—for such objects as these, millions of pounds are awaiting to be transferred to South Africa—but the public at large will not centre its interest in the work until the end of September or the beginning of October, and it is the public that is to provide the money.

With the official celebration of the King's birthday—which is fixed to take place a few days from now—commences the distribution of honours which has been talked of for months past. There will be two principal "Honours Lists;" the one published on the day of the celebration, and the other at the Coronation. There will, however, be faithful showers of honours until the King leaves for Germany. One or two well-known baronets will receive peerages; at least one actor will be knighted, and the power of the Press will be acknowledged by the promotion to the peerage of certainly one newspaper proprietor, and by the bestowal of baronetcies or knightships on others. The developments of modern life have created a body of Provincial Princes, men who have more retainers and possess more power than many of the territorial magnates did in their most prosperous days. These are the men whose industry and enterprise have raised large

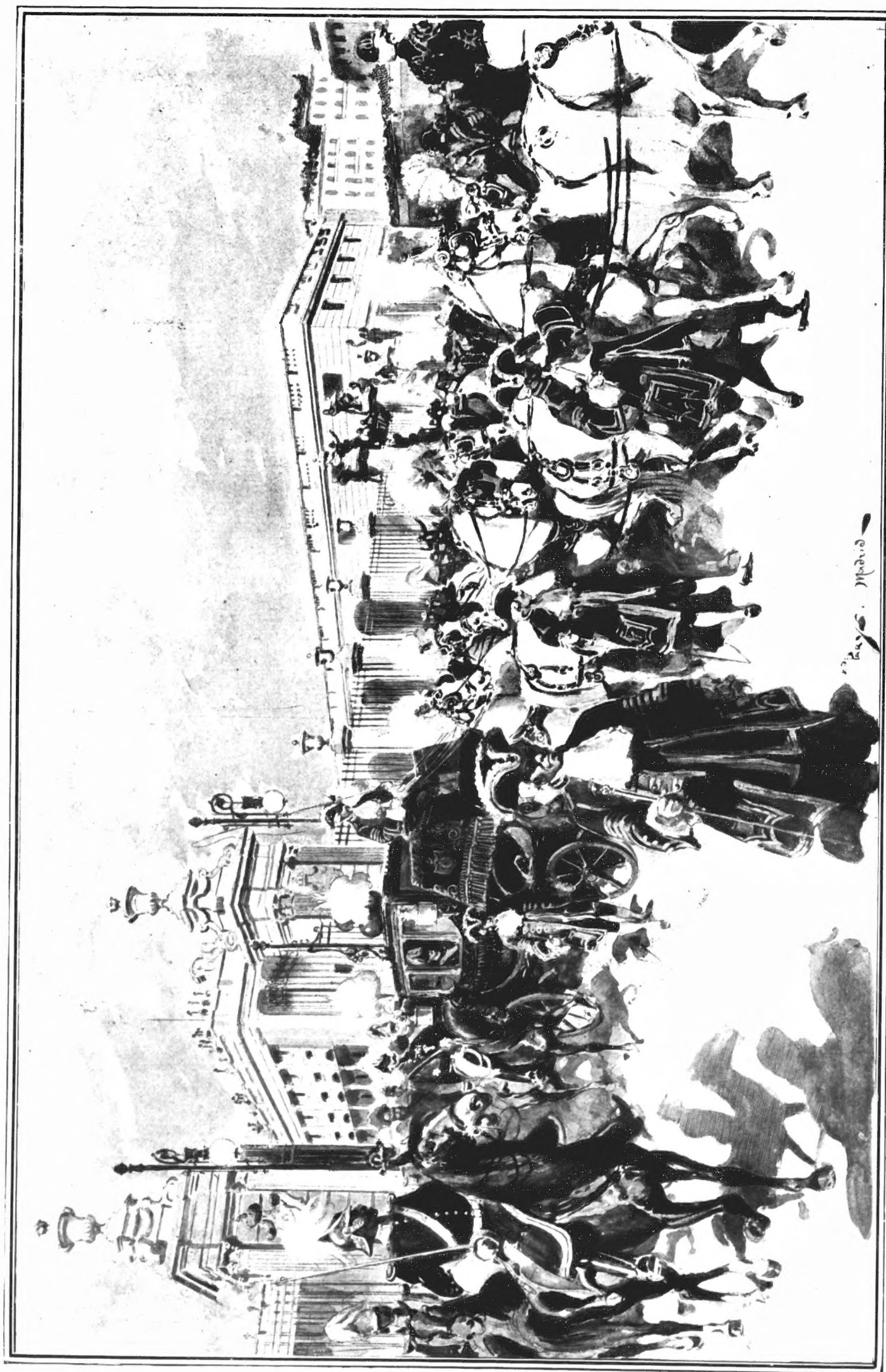
towns which are mostly dependent on them and are associated with their names. Every reader of this paragraph will assuredly call to mind the names of a dozen men of the kind. If the territorial magnates of former days deserved the titles and distinctions which were bestowed on them, how much more do these Provincial Princes, with their thousands of workpeople, with their local influence, and with the records they have established by creating enormous businesses and founding flourishing towns? It is taken for granted that many of these will have honours conferred upon them during the next few months, if only as a compliment to their fellow-citizens.

The cycle came and conquered, but it was many years before it succeeded in establishing itself; the official world in England has the greatest contempt for the new. The motor-car has come and will conquer, but, meanwhile, everything is being done to discountenance and discourage it. The cycle was for long kept out of the Royal Parks because the officials imagined that it would frighten the horses, and cause accidents. They ignored the fact that horses soon become accustomed to new circumstances, and that the more common those circumstances are the quicker they get accustomed to them. The more motor-cars there are the less accidents there will be from the cause mentioned above, and, therefore, the timid officials should do their utmost to encourage the development of the new industry. This industry is producing millions of money in France and in America, and there is but one reason for its not being as successful here—to wit, that it is not encouraged as it should be, but is opposed as it should not be. Fortunately, the King has thrown the weight of his example on the side of the motor-car, and with the production of less expensive machines, a great expansion in the trade can certainly be expected.



THE KING'S COURT: DÉBUTANTES ASSEMBLING IN AN ANTE-ROOM BEFORE BEING PRESENTED

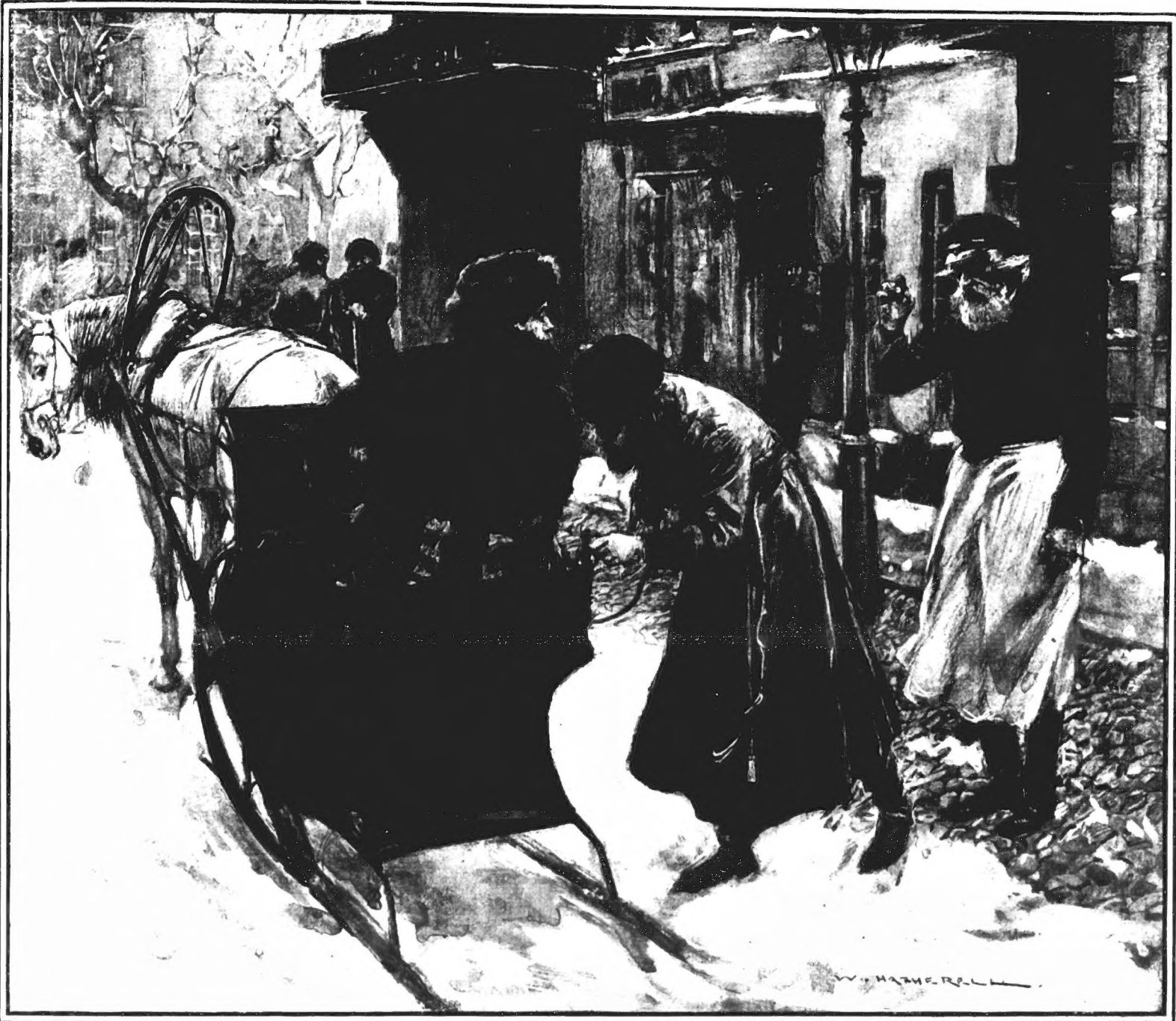
DRAWN BY BALLIOL SALMON



The Carriage of the Royal Crown, in which King Alfonso, his mother and the Infanta Maria Teresa drove in the procession was drawn by eight fine dapple-grey horses, with dark red harnesses richly overlaid with ornate ornamentation. On the head of each prancing steed waved great ostrich plumes. A detachment of the Royal Bodyguard rode in front, and three squadrons of the same regiment following the carriage closed the procession.

THE SPANISH ACCESSION: THE KING'S CARRIAGE IN THE ROYAL PROCESSION

DRAWN BY A. DE PARIS



"When the sleigh at length drew up with a shrill clang of bells the doorkeeper came from beneath the great porch without enthusiasm. His was a quiet house, and he did not care for strangers, especially at this time, when every man looked askance at a newcomer, and the police gave the drovniks no peace. He seemed to recognise Cartoner, however, for he raised his hand to his peaked cap when he ascertained that the gentleman asked for was within."

THE VULTURES

A STORY OF 1881

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN. Illustrated by W. HATHERELL, R.I.

CHAPTER XXIX

(Continued)

At the street corners the smart, quiet police took note of each foot-passenger, every carriage, every stranger passing in a hired droschki. Cartoner and Deulin could see from the passing glance beneath the flat green cap that they were seen and recognised at every turn. On the steps of the station, they were watched with a polite pretence of looking the other way by two of the higher officials of the Russian-speaking police.

"I do not mind them," said Deulin, passing through the doorway to the booking-office. "It is not of them that we need be afraid. We are doing no harm, and they cannot send us out of the country while our passports hold out. They have satisfied themselves as to that. For they have been through my belongings twice, in my rooms at the Europe—I know when my things have been touched—they or someone else. Perhaps Kosmaroff, who knows?"

Thus, he talked on in characteristic fashion, saying a hundred nothings as only Frenchmen and women can, touching life lightly like a skilled musician, running nimble fingers over the keys, and striking a chord half by accident here and there which was sonorous and had a deeper meaning. He ordered the luncheon, argued with the waiter, and rallied him on the criminal paucity of his menu.

"Yes," he said, "let it be beef. I know your mutton. It tastes like the smell of goat. So give us beef—your

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railway beef, which has travelled so far, but not by train. It has come on foot, to be killed and cut up by a locomotive, to be served by a waiter who has assuredly failed as a stoker."

He sat down as he spoke, and re-arranged the small table, covered by a doubtful cloth, through which could be felt the chill of the marble underneath. Deulin always took the lead in these small matters, and Cartoner accepted his decision without comment. The Frenchman knew him so well, it seemed, that he knew his tastes, or suspected his indifference. While he thus rattled on he glanced sharply from time to time at his companions, and when the waiter was finally sent away with a hundred minute instructions, he turned suddenly to Cartoner.

"You are absorbed—what are you thinking about?" he said.

"I was thinking how well you speak Polish. And yet you have only been here once before," answered the Englishman, bluntly.

"When I was a young man there were opportunities of learning Polish in Paris," said Deulin. "Yes—I learnt Polish when I was young—"

He had arranged the table to his satisfaction, had picked up several objects to examine them, and replace them with care on the exact spot from whence he had taken them, and was now looking round the room with large, deep-lined eyes which were always tired and never at rest.

"When one is young, one learns so much in a short time, especially if that time is ill-spent," he said, airily.

"That is why the virtuous are such poor company; they have no backbone to their past. With the others—nous autres—it is the evil deeds that form a sort of spinal column to our lives, rigid and strong, upon which to lean in old age when virtue is almost a necessity."

Finally, he came round in his tour of inspection to the face opposite to him.

"Do you know," he said, sharply, "you are devilish absent-minded. It is a bad habit. It makes the world think that you have something on your mind. And having nothing on its own mind—or no mind to have anything on—it hates you for your airs of superiority."

He took up the bottle of wine which the waiter had set upon the table in front of him, inspected the label, and filled two glasses. He tasted the vintage, and made a wry face. Then he raised his shoulders with an air of reconciliation to the inevitable.

"When I was a young—a very young diplomatist—an old scoundrel in gold spectacles told me that one of the first rules of the game was to appear content with that which you cannot alter. We must apply that rule to this wine. It is our old friend, Chateau la Pompe. It will not hurt you. It will not loosen your tongue, my friend, you need not fear that."

He spoke so significantly, that Cartoner looked across the table at him.

"What do you mean?"

Deulin laughed and made no answer.

"Do you think that my tongue requires loosening?"

And the Frenchman stroked his moustache, as he looked thoughtfully into the steady, meditating eyes.

"It is not," he said, "that you assume a reserve which one might think unfair. It is merely that there are so many things which you do not think worth saying, or wise to speak of, or necessary to communicate, that—well—there is nothing left but silence. And silence is sometimes dangerous. Not as dangerous as speech, I allow—but dangerous, nevertheless."

Cartoner looked at him, and waited. Across the little table the two schools went out to meet each other; the old school of diplomacy, all words; the new, all silence.

"Listen," said the Frenchman. "I once knew a man into whose care was given the happiness of a fellow being. There is a greater responsibility, by the way, than the well-being of a whole nation, even of one of the two greatest nations in the world. And that is a care which you and I have had upon our shoulders for a brief hour here and there. It was the old story; for it was the happiness of a woman. God knows the man meant well! But he bungled it. Bon Dieu—how he bungled it! He said too little. Ever since, he has talked too much. She was a Polish woman, by the way, and that has left a tenderness, nay, a raw place in my heart, which smart at the sound of a Polish word. For I was the man."

"Well," asked Cartoner, "what do you want to know?" "Nothing," answered the other, quick as thought. "I only tell you the story as a warning. To you especially who take so much for said that has not been said. You are strong and a man. Remember that a woman—even the strongest—may not be able to bear such a strain as you can bear."

Cartoner was listening attentively enough. He always listened with attention to his friend on such rare occasions as he chose to be serious.

"You know," went on Deulin, after a pause, during which the waiter had set before him a battered silver dish from which he removed the cover with a flourish full of promise. "You know that I would give into your care unreservedly, anything that I possessed, such as a fortune, or—well—a daughter. I would trust you entirely. But any man may make a mistake. And if you make a mistake now, I shall never forgive you—never."

And his eyes flashed with a sudden fierceness, as he looked at his companion.

"Is there anything I can do for you, my friend?" he asked, curtly.

"You have already promised to do the only thing I would ask you to do in Warsaw," replied Cartoner.

Deulin held up one hand in a gesture commanding silence.

"Not another word—they cost you so much, a few words—I understand perfectly."

Then with a rapid relapse into his gayer mood, he turned to the dish before him.

"And now let us consider the railway beef. It promises little. But it cannot be so tough and indigestible as the memory of a mistake—I tell you that."

CHAPTER XXX.

THE QUIET CITY

THE most liberal-minded man in Russia at this time was the Czar. He had chosen his Ministers from among the nobles who were at least tolerant of advance, if they did not actually advocate it. Much as he hated to make a change, he had in one or two instances parted with old and trusted servants—friends of his boyhood—rather than forego one item of his policy. In other cases he had appealed to the memory of their long friendship in order to bring his nobles not to his own way of thinking, for he could not do that, but to his own plan of action.

"I do not agree with you, but I will serve you," had answered one of these, and the Czar, who did not know where to turn to find the man he needed, accepted such service.

For a throne stands in isolation, and no man may judge another by looking down upon him, but must needs descend into the crowd, and, mingling there on a lower level, pick out for himself the honest man or the clever man—or that rare being, the man who is both.

Kings and Emperors may not do this, however. Despots dare not. Alexander II. acted as any ordinary man acts when he finds himself in a position to confer favours, to make appointments, to get together, as it were, a Ministry, even if this takes no more dignified a form than a board of directors. He suspected that the world contained precisely the men he wanted, if he could only let down a net into it and draw them up. How, otherwise, could he select them? So he did the usual thing. He looked round among his relations, and, failing them, the friends of his youth. For an Emperor, popularly supposed to have the whole world to choose from, has no larger a choice than any bourgeois looking round his own small world for a satisfactory executor.

Coming to the throne, as he did, in the midst of a losing fight, his first task was to conclude a humiliating peace. He must needs bow down to the upstart adventurer of France, who had tricked England into a useless war in order to steady his own tottering throne.

Alexander II., moreover, came to power with the avowed intention of liberating the Serfs, which intention he carried out, and paid for with his own life in due time. Russia had been the only country to stand aloof on the Slave question, thus branding herself in two worlds as still uncivilised. The young Czar knew that such a position was untenable. "Without the Serf the Russian Empire must crumble away," his advisers told him. "With the Serf

she cannot endure," he answered. And twenty-two millions of men were set free. In this act he stood almost alone; for hardly a single Minister was with him heart and soul, though many obeyed him loyally enough against their own convictions. Many honestly thought that this must be the end of the Russian Empire.

It is hard to go against the advice of those near at hand; for the point of view must always appear to be the same as one's own, while counsel from afar comes as the word of one who is looking at things from another standpoint, and may thus be more easily mistaken.

Alexander II., called suddenly to reign over one-tenth part of the human race, men of different breed and colour, of the three great contending religions and a hundred minor churches, was himself a nervous, impressionable man, suffering from ill-health, bowed down with the weight of his great responsibility. His father died in his arms, broken-hearted, bequeathing him an Empire invaded by the armies of five European nations, hated of all the world, despised of all mankind. Even to-day there is a sinister sound in the very name of Russian. Men turn to look twice at one who comes from that stupendous Empire. It is said that an hereditary melancholy broods beneath the weightiest earthly crown. History tells that none wearing it has ever reached a hale old age. Soldiers still hearty, still wearing the sword they have carried through half a dozen campaigns, bow to-day in the Winter Palace before their Sovereign, having taken the oath of allegiance to four successive Czars.

Half in, half out of Europe, Alexander II. awoke with his own hand the great nation still wrapped in the sleep of the middle ages, only to find that he had stirred a slumbering power whose movements were soon to prove beyond his control. He poured out education like water upon the surface of a vast field full of hidden seed, which must inevitably spring up wheat or tares—a bountiful harvest of good or a terrific growth of evil. He made reading and writing compulsory to the whole of his people. With a stroke of the pen he threw aside the last prop to despotic rule. Yet he hoped to continue Czar of All the Russias. This tall, pale, gentle, determined man was a man of mighty courage. When the time came he faced the consequence of his own temerity with an unflinching eye.

"What do you want of me?" he asked the very moment after he had been saved almost by a miracle from assassination. For he knew that he was giving more than was wise. It is said that he was puzzled and thoughtful after each attempt upon his life.

The war with Turkey was the first sign that Russia was awakening—that the soldiers knew how to read and write. It was the first time in history that the nation forced a Czar to declare war, and Serbia was full of Russian volunteers fighting for Christian Slavs before the Emperor realised that he must fight—and fight alone, for no nation in Europe would help him. He had taught Russia to read; had raised the veil of ignorance that hung between his people and the rest of civilisation. They had read of the Bulgarian atrocities, and there was no holding them.

To rule autocratically what was then the vastest Empire in the world was in itself more than one brain could compass. But in addition to his own internal troubles, Alexander II. was surrounded by European difficulties. England, his steady, deadly enemy, despite a declaration of neutrality, was secretly helping Turkey. Austria, as usual, the dog waiting on the threshold, was ready to side with the winner—for a consideration. No wonder this man was always weary. It is said that all through his reign he received and despatched telegrams at any hour of the night.

No wonder that his heart was hardened towards Poland. This most liberal-minded Czar had his mean point, as every man must have. There are many great and good men who will write a cheque readily enough and look twice at a penny. There are many who will give generously with one hand while grasping with the other that which is really the property of their neighbour. Alexander's mean point was Poland.

On the occasion of his first Imperial visit to Warsaw he said, in the cold, calm voice which was so hated and feared: "Gentlemen, let us have no more dreams." Eleven years later he reminded an influential deputation of Polish nobles of the unforgotten and unforgotten words, commending the caution to their attention again. He paid frequent visits to Warsaw, on one excuse or another. This dreamer would have no dreaming in his dominion. This mean man must ever be looking at his board. The chief interest in the study of a human life lies around the inexplicable. If we were quite consistent we should be entirely dull. No one knows why this liberal autocrat was mean to Poland.

From Warsaw, the city which has been commanded to stand still, Cartoner travelled across plains of endless snow towards the North. He found as he progressed a hundred signs of the awakening. The very faces of the people had changed since he last looked upon them only a few years earlier. These people were now a nation, conscious of their own strength. They had fought in a great and victorious war, not because they had been commanded to fight, but because they wanted to. They had followed with understanding the diplomatic warfare that succeeded the signing of the Treaty of San Stefano. They had won and lost. They were men, and no longer driven beasts.

It was evening when Cartoner arrived at St. Petersburg. The long Northern twilight had begun, and the last glow of the western sky was reflected on the golden dome of St. Isaacs, while the arrowy spire of the Admiralty shot up into a cloudless sky.

The Warsaw Railway Station is in a quiet part of the town, and the streets through which Cartoner drove in his

hired sleigh were almost deserted. It was the hour of the promenade in the Summer Garden, or the drive in the Newski Prospect, so that all the leisured class were in another quarter of the town. St. Petersburg is, moreover, the most spacious capital in the world, where there is more room than the inhabitants can occupy, where the houses are too large and the streets too wide. The Catherine Canal was, of course, frozen, and its broken surface had a dirty, ill-kept air, while the snow was spotted with rubbish and refuse, and trodden down into numberless paths and crossings. Cartoner looked at it indifferently. It had no history yet. The streets were silent beneath their cloak of snow. All St. Petersburg is silent for nearly half the year, and is the quietest city in the world, excepting Venice.

The sleigh sped across the Nicholas Bridge to the Vasili Island. The river showed no signs of spring yet. The usual pathways across it were still in use. The Vasili Ostrov is less busy than that greater part of the city, which lies across the river. Behind the Academy of Arts, and leading out of the Bolshoi Prospect, are a number of parallel streets where quiet people live—lawyers and merchants, professors at the University or at one or other of the numerous schools and colleges facing the river and looking across towards the English Quay.

It was to one of these streets that Cartoner had told his driver to proceed, and the man had some difficulty in finding the number. It was a house like any other in the street—like any other in any other street. For St. Petersburg is a monotonous town, showing a flat face to the world, exhibiting to the sky a flat expanse of roof broken here and there by some startling inequality, the dagger-like spire of St. Peter and St. Paul, the great roof of the Kasan Cathedral, the dome of St. Isaacs—the largest cathedral in the world.

When the sleigh at length drew up with a shrill clang of bells the doorkeeper came from beneath the great porch without enthusiasm. His was a quiet house, and he did not care for strangers, especially at this time, when every man looked askance at a newcomer, and the police gave the dvorniks no peace. He seemed to recognise Cartoner, however, for he raised his hand to his peaked cap when he answered that the gentleman asked for was within.

"On the second floor. You will remember the door," he said, over his shoulder, as Cartoner, having paid the driver, hurried towards the house, leaving the dvornik to bring the luggage.

Cartoner's summons at the door on the second floor was answered by a clumsy Russian maid-servant, who smiled a broad, good-natured recognition when she saw him, and, turning without a word, led the way along a narrow passage. The smell of tobacco smoke and a certain bareness of wall and floor suggested a bachelor's home. The maid opened the door of a room and stood aside for Cartoner to pass in.

Seated near an open wood fire was a man with grizzled hair and a short, brown beard, which had the look of concealing a determined chin. He was in the act of filling a wooden pipe from a jar on the table, and he stood up, pipe in hand, to greet the newcomer.

"Ah!" he said. "I was wondering if you would come, or if you had got other work to do."

"No, I am at the same work. And you?"

"As you see," replied the bearded man, dragging forward a chair with his foot, and seating himself again before the fire. "I am here still, where you left me—" he paused to make a brief calculation—"five years ago. I stayed here all through the war—all through the Berlin Congress, when it was not good to be an Englishman in Petersburg. But I stayed. Tallow! It does not sound heroic, but the world must have its tallow. And there is a simplicity about commerce, you know."

He gave a short laugh—the laugh of a man who had tried something and failed. Something that was not commerce, for his voice and speech had a ring of other things.

"Can you put me up?" asked Cartoner. "Only for a few days, perhaps."

"As long as you stay in Petersburg, Reggie, you stay in these rooms," replied the other, gravely.

Cartoner nodded his thanks and sat down. Their attitude towards each other had the repose which is only existent in a friendship that has lasted since childhood.

"Well?" he inquired.

"Gad!" exclaimed the other, "we are in a queer way. I went to the opera the other evening. He showed his face in the Imperial box and the house was empty in half an hour. He always drives alone in his sleigh now, so that only one Royal life may go at a time. They'll get him—they'll get him! And he knows it."

"Fools!" said Cartoner.

"They are worse than fools," answered the other. "The man is down, and they strike him. His asthma is worse. He has half a dozen complaints. His policy has failed. It was the finest policy ever tried in Russia. He is the finest Czar they have ever had. He gave them trial by jury; he abolished corporal punishment. Fools! they are the scum of this earth, Cartoner!"

"I know," replied Cartoner, in his gentle way, "students who cannot learn—workmen who will not work—women whom no one will marry."

"Yes, the sons and daughters of the Serfs that he emancipated. It makes one sick to talk of them. Let me hear about yourself."

"Well," answered Cartoner, "I have had nothing to eat since breakfast."

"That is all you have to tell me about yourself?"

"That is all."

(To be continued)

*Monelle maison.
Des galons argent pour courir
au front pour la belle commode.
Veuillez m'envoyer cette réponse
à M^{re} Humbert, couru au front,
dans que vos conditions
seront, m'envoyer pour m'envoyer
à la lettre
A. B. J. J.*

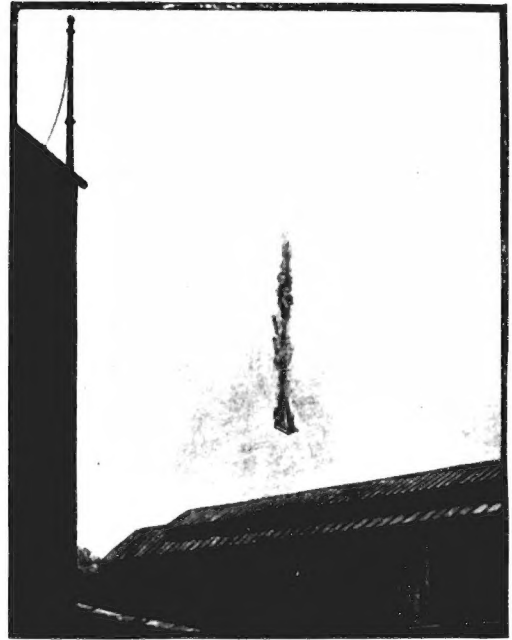
PART OF A LETTER SAID TO BE WRITTEN AND SIGNED BY THE IMAGINARY CRAWFORD OF THE HUMBERT CASE

English Coronation Medals

THERE is now on view in the King's Library at the British Museum a most interesting exhibition of manuscripts, printed books, engravings, and medals, illustrating the history of English Coronations for the last thousand years. Amongst the manuscripts is the copy of the four gospels belonging to King Athelstan, upon which, tradition says, the Kings of England took the Coronation oath, and the engravings include the Coronation processions of Richard I., Edward VI., and Charles II., and the Coronations, the banquets, and other ceremonies of many of our Kings. The Accession and Coronation medals shown begin with Edward VI., who was the first English monarch to issue a medal on his Coronation. It is of large size, and bears inscriptions in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, setting forth the King's claim to the supremacy of the Church in England and Ireland. Neither Mary nor Elizabeth had a Coronation medal, though during the reign of the latter many English medals were struck, including no less

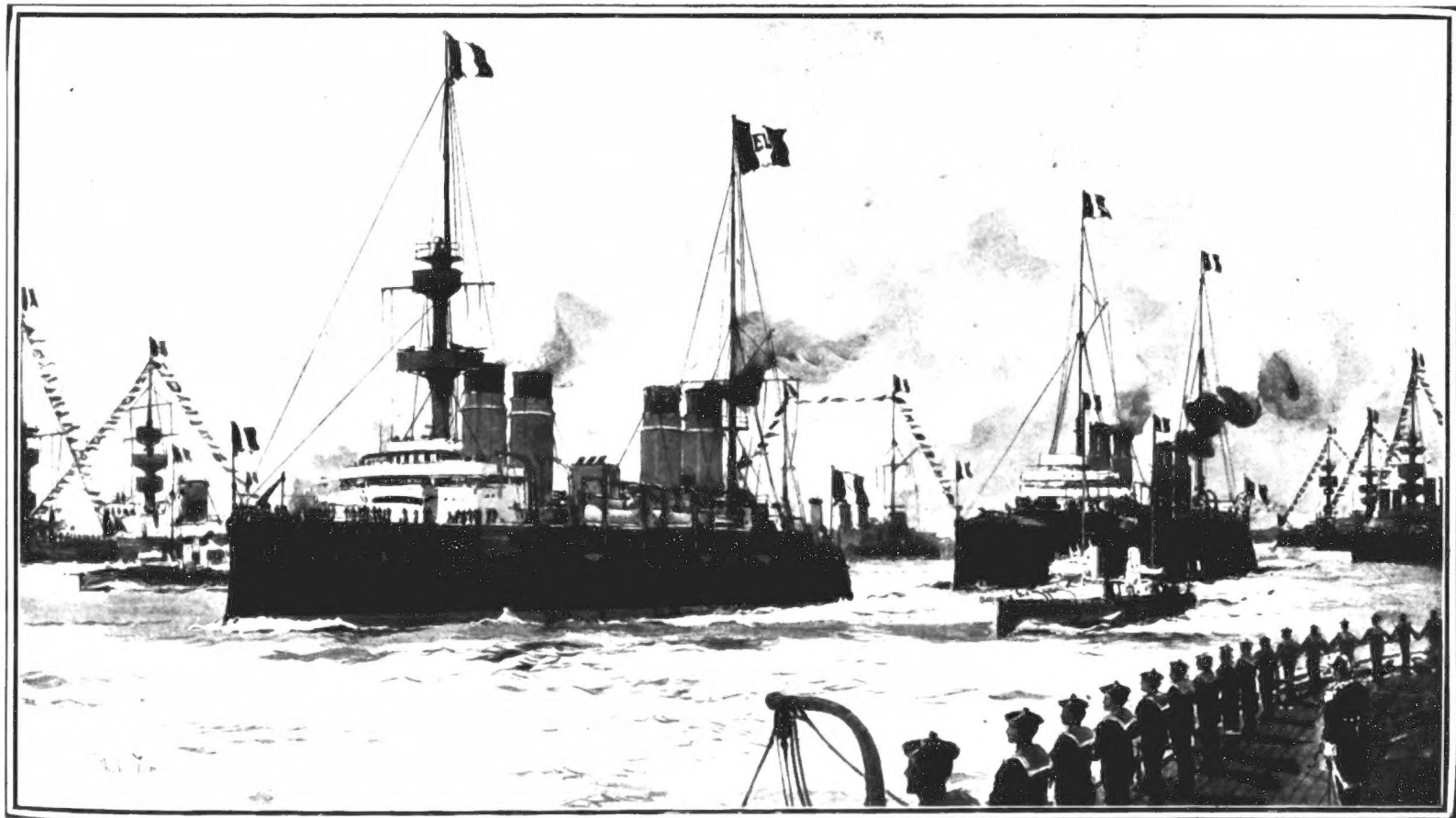


Mlle. D'Aurignac M. Humbert Mme. Humbert
THE GREAT HUMBERT CASE: A FAMILY GROUP



This snapshot was taken as M. Severo's balloon fell after the explosion
THE TERRIBLE AIRSHIP DISASTER IN PARIS

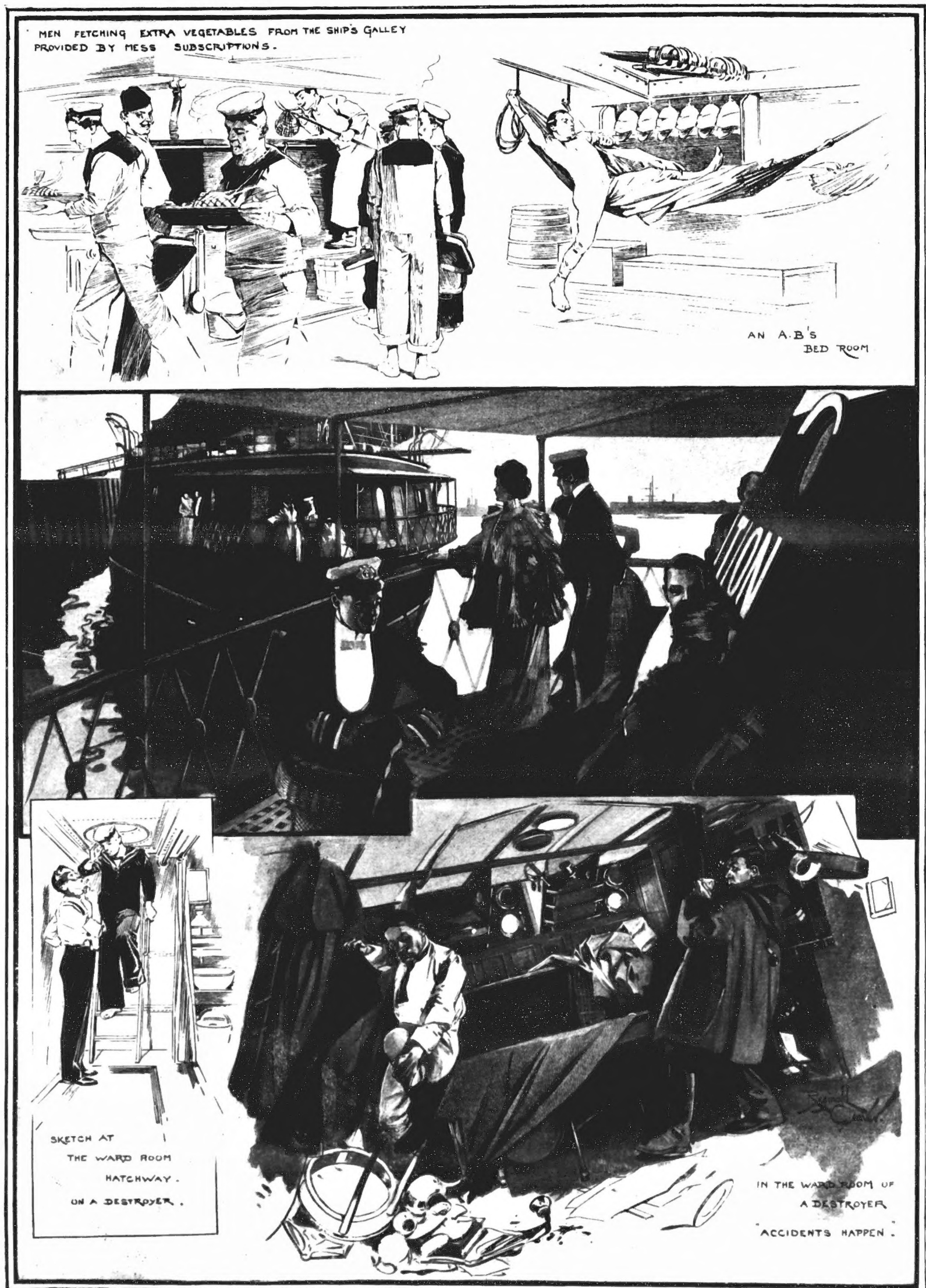
than five to celebrate the defeat of the Spanish Armada. The earliest medal made for general distribution at a King's Coronation was for James I. On this medal he styles himself Cesar or Emperor, the first instance of an English Sovereign assuming that title. His Queen's was not issued for some months after the Coronation, by which time he had abandoned his claim to the name of Emperor. Both the Charles's issued a number of medals to commemorate their Coronations, those shown in our illustrations being the official medals. On the reverse of the former is an arm issuing from clouds and brandishing a sword, with the legend "Till peace be restored to the earth," while the reverse of the latter shows Peace placing the crown on the King's head. The Coronation of William and Mary formed the subject of many medals; the official one, however, being by far the best. The reverse shows Jove hurling thunderbolts against Phaëthon, who falls from his chariot, with the legend "Lest the whole world should be destroyed;" referring to James's incompetency and the necessity for his removal.



DRAWN BY CHARLES DIXON, R.I.

FROM A SKETCH BY H. RUDAUX

M. Loubet left Paris last week on his visit to Russia, and travelled to Brest, where he embarked in the "Montcalm" for Kronstadt, which he reached on Tuesday morning
THE VISIT OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC TO THE TSAR: THE DEPARTURE OF M. LOUBET



LIFE IN THE NAVY: SKETCHES ON THE MEDITERRANEAN STATION

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY REGINALD CLEAVER

The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTLER

BY J. ASHBY-STERRY

Is it not about time we had some reform in the arrangements of public dinners? I can recollect the time when the food was of such an inferior quality that many people took a substantial meal beforehand in order to make themselves independent of the vagaries of the banquet. This has now been entirely altered, and there are many places now where you can obtain an excellent dinner admirably served. But why do they persist in sticking to those unreasonable long tables? Unless you have a kind friend connected with the management, you may find yourself sitting between two uninteresting people with three of your bitterest enemies glaring at you from the opposite side of the table. Why not have the whole company broken up into separate tables of four? Then friends might dine together and have a very pleasant evening. Again, there is room for reform in post-prandial oratory. The other night I was at a dinner where a speaker produced a manuscript from his pocket and calmly read his speech—an excellent idea, which saved all hesitation or reiteration. Possibly it would have been better if the oration had been set to music and sung with a pianoforte accompaniment. Or what a delightful notion it would be if none of the speeches were delivered. If they were all printed in a tasteful little volume, with some account of the charity for whose benefit the dinner was given, and handed round to each guest after the health of the King had been duly honoured. I am inclined to think all the guests would be much happier and would be far more inclined to swell the subscription lists than if they suffered from the commonplace platitudes of the ordinary after-dinner speaker. There are few speakers nowadays whose orations have any effect in the loosening of purse-strings.

The motor street sprinkler, to which I alluded a little while ago, can scarcely be considered a success. I watched one with great attention the other Sunday, and it seems to me to hardly do its work so efficiently as the old-fashioned deliberate water-cart of days gone by. It appears to waste a great deal of water, as an enormous volume is poured rapidly forth, and the streets, instead of being only decorously damped, are absolutely flooded, and crossing from one side to the other is very much like wading in a shallow trout-stream. This, however, is not the worst of it. The sprinkler is



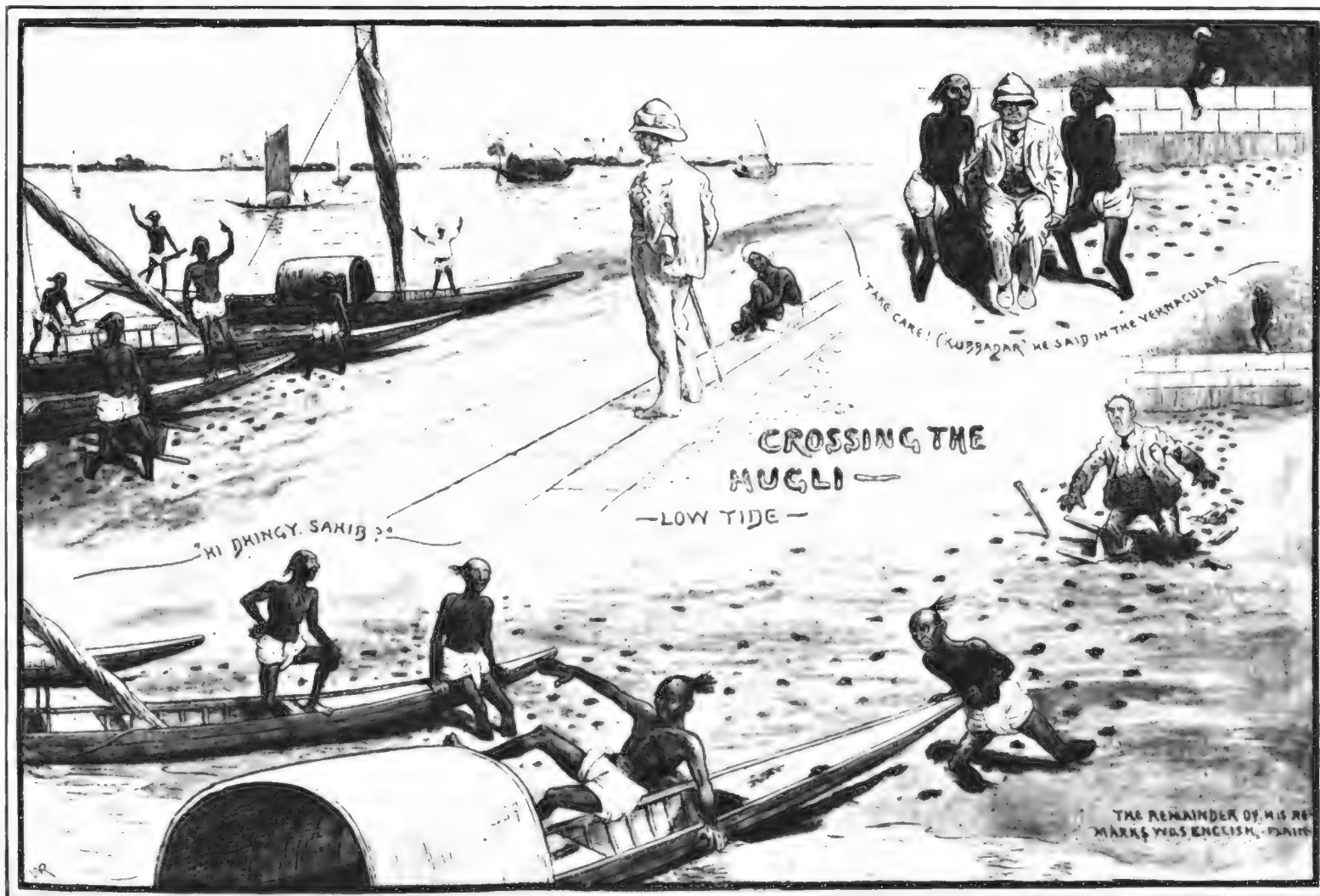
THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF THE NEWLY CROWNED KING
ALFONSO XIII., KING OF SPAIN
From a Photograph by Franzen, Madrid

driven so close to the kerb that a good deal of the water is distributed over the pavement, and foot-passengers are liable to have the benefit of this gratuitous shower-bath. Before you absolutely realise

the fact that you have been thoroughly wetted, the sprinkler is at the other end of the street, and, very likely, round the corner. I fear this novelty in street irrigation may possibly lead to a good deal of trouble, and possibly a vigorous exchange of opinions between the choicely costumed and the driver of the sprinkler.

"In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of—Thames!" And in the Spring the Messrs. Salter give him every opportunity for thoroughly enjoying its beauties at his ease, anywhere between Kingston and Oxford. The well-known steamers of this firm, which have just inaugurated their fourteenth season, are very greatly improved in service and organisation since they were first started in 1888. There is a double service now—two boats passing every place up and down twice daily—and by a careful consultation of the guide issued by the proprietors and a close study of the railway arrangements, you may easily accomplish a trip that may take a week, or an excursion that may only last a couple of hours. It is not difficult to recollect the time when the Thames above Richmond was comparatively unknown, except to a few poets and painters, oarsmen and enthusiasts. But now, thanks to the excellent arrangements above alluded to, its attractions have been placed within the reach of all, and, though it is said there are to be no steamers on the Thames between Putney and London Bridge this year, it is satisfactory to find there will be no slackness in the service between Folly Bridge and Kingston.

It is supremely satisfactory to find the majority of theatrical managers by no means encourage the idea of raising the price of stalls. They are quite high enough now, and any increase would probably drive Londoners to the suburban theatres, where the performances are generally excellent and the stalls are cheap and mighty comfortable. Why, as I have frequently asked, is there a uniform charge for stalls at most London theatres? Why are not the prices regulated by sound commercial principles? If a manager gives a good play let him charge the top price, if it is a poor drama let the price be lowered. It would surely pay him better to fill his stalls at half-a-crown than have them empty at half-a-guinea. I know I have sometimes seen a performance that has been well worth the last-named sum, but I have often had to endure performances that were not worth three-and-sixpence. Why should I be compelled to pay the same price for both—good and bad?



DRAWN BY W. RALSTON, R.I.

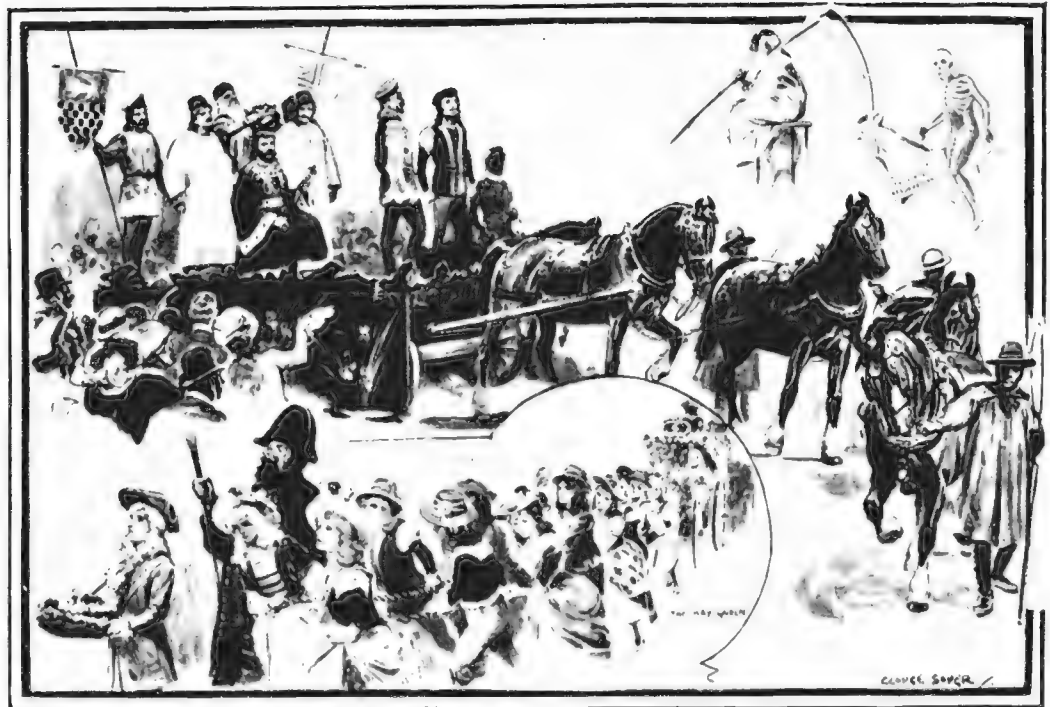
FROM A SKETCH BY W. H. DEAKIN

CROSSING THE HUGLI. A GLOBE-TROTTER'S UNFORTUNATE EXPERIENCE

The Spanish Accession

ALPHONSO XIII. of Spain has formally assumed the reins of government, and Madrid has been in a whirl of excitement over the fêtes connected with the King's majority. The programme opened with the formal reception of the foreign envoys, amongst whom the Duke of Connaught has held the place of honour. The Duke invested the young King with the Order of the Garter from King Edward, the ceremony taking place with much State in the Queen's Chamber. King Alfonso stood with the Queen-Regent at the end of the room, the Infantas, Ministers, and the British Embassy being placed just behind. Then the Duke entered, preceded by officials and by his suite bearing the insignia on cushions. The Duke and his companions bowed three times as they came up the room, and the Duke read an address in French, King Alfonso replying in the same language. Then the Lord Chamberlain brought forward a footstool, on which the King placed his foot and the Duke buckled on the Garter, afterwards investing His Majesty with the Star, Riband, and Collar.

Saturday was the chief day, being the King's birthday, when he was to take the oath. In splendid weather Madrid looked most gay with artistic decorations and crowds in the gayest of costumes. There was not an inch of space to spare as the King's procession passed slowly from the Palace to the Chamber—a most picturesque cortege, with its quaint coaches, soldiers and officials in medieval costume. Buglers and cymbals came at the head, followed by macebearers, Royal riding-horses, with magnificent trappings and outriders, immediately preceding the twenty-three State coaches. In the middle was the "Ducal Crown" coach, ornamented with a huge mother o' pearl crown, and containing the King's aunts, the Infantas Isabel and Eulalia. The "Tor.oiseshell" coach, painted with scenes from the life of King Solomon, followed, bearing the Prince and Princess of the Asturias—the King's eldest sister, at present heiress to the Crown—and after this the "coach of Respect," an empty carriage in case the Royal conveyance broke down. An escort of the Royal Bodyguard surrounded the "coach of the Royal Crown," occupied by the King, his mother the Queen and his second sister, the Infanta Maria-Teresa. The King met with an enthusiastic reception, but some excitement was caused by a man trying to reach the Royal coach and throw in a petition. Naturally he was suspected of an attempt at assassination and was nearly lynched, but after all he proved to be a lunatic in love with the Infanta Maria-Teresa and petitioning the King for her hand. This incident made the Royal party a little late at the Chamber. The ceremony of taking the oath was held in the Session Hall—a stately apartment ornamented with frescoes and portraits of famous legislators. The Royal party occupied a raised platform, with seats for the King and Queen and a table bearing a silver crucifix and a Bible. A burst of applause greeted the King, who, though pale, was quite self-possessed. He wore the uniform of Captain-General with the Order of the Golden Fleece, and carried a three-cornered hat with white plumes and a walking-stick. The Ministry, the Heads of the Chambers and the grandees being grouped around, the King placed his right hand on a large copy of the Gospels containing the Oath of Fidelity and declared in a clear voice, "I swear to God on the Holy Gospels to observe the constitution and the laws. If I do this may God reward me, and if not may He call me to account." Cheers and cries of "Viva el Rey" greeted the King's words, the Queen turning and speaking to her son. The President of the Cortes acknowledged the oath, and the ceremony ended without the King even touching the crown, which lay with the sceptre on a stool at his elbow. The next move was to the church of S. Francis the Great, a grim modern edifice intended as a Pantheon for Spanish celebrities. Here a Te Deum was sung. A State banquet closed the day. Amongst the festivities, the national sport of Spain was duly represented, bull-fights taking place daily. The grandest was on Sunday, when the King and Court were present. One discord marred the rejoicing—an Anarchist plot, happily discovered in time.



The celebration of the millenary of the Coronation of Edward the Elder was brought to a conclusion at Kingston-on-Thames on Monday, when there was a grand procession of Emblematic Cars, Trade Vehicles, Historical Characters, Decorated Cycles, &c. One of the most conspicuous features of the procession was a car representing the Coronation of the Saxon King. Here was shown Edward in the act of being crowned by Plegmund, Archbishop of Canterbury. A figure, representing a skeleton, and bearing a large title board, "The Elder's Resurrection," was one of the numerous attempts at humour.

THE MILLENNARY OF EDWARD THE ELDER: CELEBRATIONS AT KINGSTON



The rare spectacle of a regiment of Highlanders in New York was witnessed the other day, when the 48th Highlanders of Toronto gave a display at Madison Square. It must be over a century since a Highland regiment was seen in New York, and the 48th received a splendid welcome from the crowded audience. Our photograph is by Denton and Co., London and New York.

HIGHLANDERS IN NEW YORK



BARON H. DE ROTHSCHILD'S 40 HORSE-POWER "MERCEDES" CAR WITH RACING SHIELD



M. SERPOLLET IN HIS NEW CAR

Upwards of ten thousand persons assembled at Bexhill for the purpose of witnessing the Automobile Club's speed trials. Out of 200 cars, including petrol, electric, and steam driven vehicles, which gathered at Bexhill, 160 faced the starter. M. Serpollet's performance of a flying kilometre in 41.15th sec. (fifty-four miles an hour) was not so swift as his sensational run at Nice, but this was probably due to the

short and heavy track, which was heavily saturated by the rain. A second attempt at his own record was also unsuccessful. A noteworthy run was made by Mr. C. Jarrott's 40 h.p. Panhard, which did the kilometre in 43.1-5sec. Mr. A. C. Harmanworth's 40 h.p. Mercedes occupied 44.3-5sec. in performing the same distance, and a similar car of Baron Henry de Rothschild's took 57.2-5sec.

THE AUTOMOBILE CLUB'S SPEED TRIALS AT BEXHILL



When the King and the Queen had ascended the dais in the Chamber of Deputies, the President of the Chamber, the Marquis de la Vega de Armijo, administered to His Majesty the oath to maintain the Constitution and the laws
HIS MAJESTY TAKING THE OATH IN THE CORTES

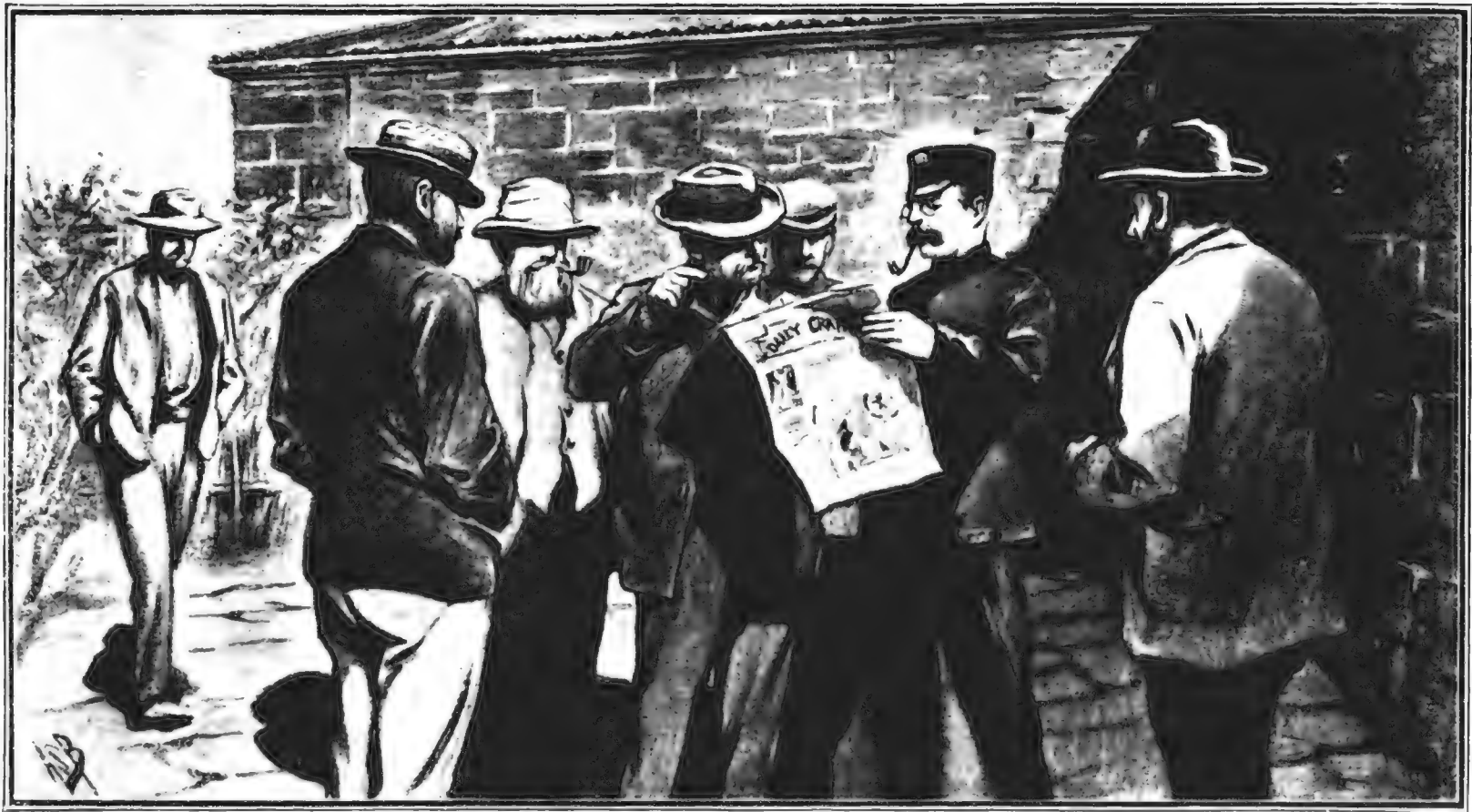


The investiture of King Alfonso with the Order of the Garter was performed on behalf of King Edward VII. by the Duke of Connaught, who buckled on the Garter, and fixed the Star of the Order on the King's breast and the riband round his neck

THE INVESTITURE OF HIS MAJESTY WITH THE ORDER OF THE GARTER

THE ACCESSION OF THE KING OF SPAIN

DRAWN BY A. DE PARYS



EAGER FOR NEWS OF THE WAR: A JAILER READING A NEWSPAPER TO BOER PRISONERS AT VRYBURG



At a time when so much hostile criticism is directed against the refugee camps, the above illustrations may be interesting, for they show that the lot of those in camp cannot be so very terrible when they are free to indulge in the luxury of weddings, and moreover have the news read to them by their jailers. Our pictures are drawn from photographs forwarded by a Colonial officer.

A WEDDING OF BOER REFUGEES
LIFE IN A CONCENTRATION CAMP AT VRYBURG

DRAWN BY A. S. BOYD



"GLEANERS WAITING FOR THE LAST LOAD"
FROM THE PAINTING BY W. HATHERELL, R.L., EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY



A POPULAR COCKNEY RESORT: THE CROWD AT THE FOOT OF HIGHGATE HILL ON

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY PAUL RENOUARD



RESORT: THE CROWD AT THE FOOT OF HIGHGATE HILL ON BANK HOLIDAY

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY PAUL RENOUARD

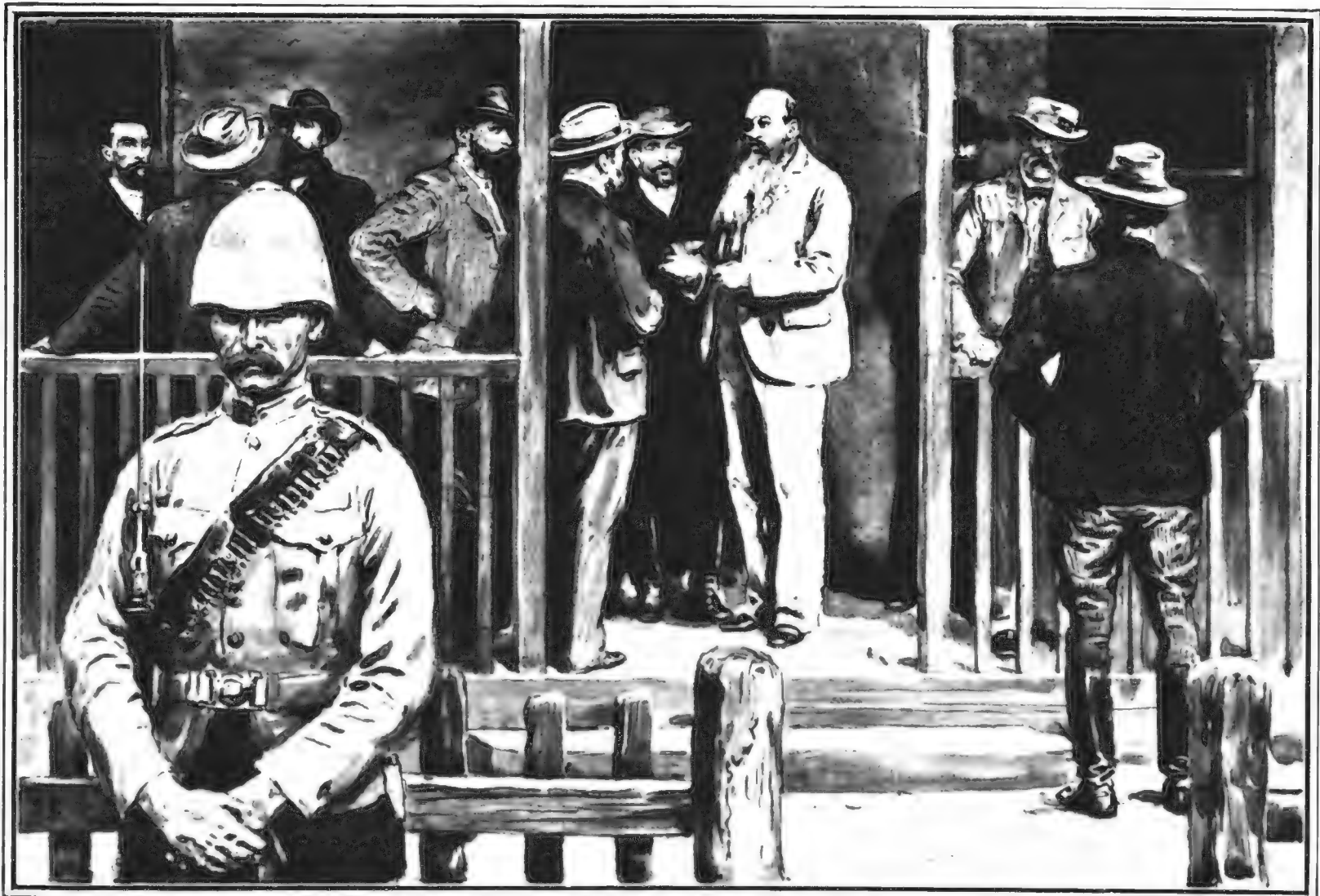


DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT COLIN CAMPBELL, CAPE GARRISON ARTILLERY, OF ARMOURD TRAIN NO. 15

When armoured trains patrol the lines with searchlights working, the blockhouses show up very strongly, and very often a request for papers is displayed across them, the letters being made of white stones. There is always some member of the little garrison, too, on duty, who calls out "All's well" as the train passes. Round the blockhouses and along the line numerous hares may be seen feeding

A PATHETIC REQUEST REVEALED BY THE SEARCHLIGHT OF AN ARMOURD TRAIN



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

FROM A SKETCH BY A BRITISH OFFICER

Ex-President Steyn, General C. de Wet, Judge Herzog and other Free State leaders came in to Klerksdorp under a flag of truce on the 9th ult., to confer with General Botha and other Transvaal representatives. The house which the ex-President occupied is situated in the old town of Klerksdorp, but the actual conference took place in a large marquee pitched near the Schoon Spruit, which divides the

old and new town. A guard of honour of one officer and twenty non-commissioned officers and men of the 2nd Battalion Seaforth Highlanders (78th) was posted at the house, and unauthorised persons were not allowed to approach it. Ex-President Steyn had a shade over his right eye, as he suffers from the glare of the sun.

PROSPECTS OF PEACE: A MEETING OF BOER LEADERS UNDER BRITISH AUSPICES



ST. EDWARD'S STAFF, BORNE BY THE MARQUESS OF SALISBURY

THE GILT SPURS, BORNE BY LORD CALTHORPE

THE SCEPTRE WITH THE CROSS, BORNE BY THE MARQUESS WELLESLEY



THE SWORD OF STATE, BORNE BY THE DUKE OF DORSET

The Coronation Swords

THE Sword of State is the largest of the four swords which are kept with the regalia at the Tower. It is a two-handed sword, with a blade 32in. long and 2in. broad. The cross-guard, or quillons, of the sword are formed by a lion on one side and a unicorn on the other ;

between them is a Tudor rose. The grip of the sword is of gilt metal, and bears the portcullis, the harp and the *fleur-de-lys* embossed upon it. The pommel, also of gilt metal, has the thistle, the orb and other emblems. The sheath of this sword is of crimson velvet, the upper part being itself sheathed in an ornamental metal portcullis; the chape, or metal end of the scabbard, is also formed of a portcullis above the crown with the crest of England. The sheath is banded throughout its entire length with flat plates of gilt metal, on which are embossed the rose, thistle, harp, portcullis and *fleur-de-lys*. The central plate has the Royal arms, supporters and crown. Even without the Tudor badges and the thistle, which proclaim its late date, the general form of this sword is inelegant and poor, showing that it was made long after the simple cross-bladed sword of the Middle Ages had ceased to be in use, and had become unfamiliar to the armourer and the goldsmith. The huge two-handed State sword of Edward I., which is kept in Westminster Abbey with the Coronation Chair, is, notwithstanding its condition, a much better proportioned weapon, and, when it had its enrichments (of enamel possibly) and the covering of its grip, was, no doubt, a Sword of State of much finer character than any of those now in use. The King is girded with the sword after being anointed at his Coronation, and the rite signifies, of course, that the Sovereign is a warrior and the head of the national Army. It seems scarcely credible, but it is a fact, that when George III. was crowned the Earl Marshal actually forgot the Sword of State and had to borrow one of the City swords from the Lord Mayor for the occasion. When the King complained to the Deputy Earl Marshal, Lord Ellingham, of this neglect, the Earl replied, "It is true, Sir, but I have taken care that the regulations shall be exactly carried out at the next Coronation."

At the Court of Claims, which sat in the Council Chamber, Westminster, in December last, the Earl of Huntingdon claimed to carry the Sword of State at the Coronation, but, on the application of Mr. Stuart Moore, the claim stood over. The Sword of State was carried by the Prime Minister, Earl Grey, at the Coronation of

King William IV. and Queen Adelaide, and by Viscount Melbourne at the Coronation of Queen Victoria.

The "Curtana," or Sword of Mercy, which is also carried at the Coronations, is a more elegant and antique-looking weapon than the Sword of State. It is thirty-two inches long and two wide, and the blade has no point, but is cut off square—typical of the quality of mercy. The pommel is octagonal, and the quillons are slightly curved downwards. The grip is bound with gilt wire, and has a "Turk's head" top and bottom; the metal case of the top of the sheath has a Gothic-looking edge, and is embossed with a lion's face, reminding one of the lion's face in the pommel of the sword of the effigy of the Black Prince at Canterbury. The sheath is covered with red velvet, and the only ornamentation of it is a scroll pattern of gold braid running down its entire length. Whatever may be the period at which this sword was actually made, its form preserves the form of the ancient weapons more nearly than the Sword of State; it has much the appearance of a fifteenth century sword with a later sheath. The "Curtana" is known as the "Sword of Edward the Confessor," but it must not be thought it is, or even that it resembles, a sword of the Confessor's period. The Saxon, or the Anglo-Norman, sword was a very different-looking weapon. The Earls of Chester had formerly the privilege of carrying the "Curtana" before the King. The Marquis of Salisbury carried it at the Coronation of King William IV. and Queen Adelaide, and at the Coronation of Queen Victoria.

The other two swords kept with the Regalia are the "Sword of Justice to the Spirituality," and the "Sword of Justice to the Temporality," and these are of the same pattern as the "Curtana," except that they have sharp and not blunted ends.

The Marquess of Downshire carried the Sword of Spiritual Justice at the Coronation of King William IV. and Queen Adelaide, and the Marquis of Cleveland that of Temporal Justice.

At the Coronation of Queen Victoria, these swords were carried by the Marquess of Westminster and the Duke of Sutherland.

The Staff of St. Edward

JUST as the Curtana, or Sword of Mercy, is called the "Sword of St. Edward," so the long staff, surmounted by orb and cross, is called the "Staff of St. Edward," and there is no need to doubt but that Edward the Confessor had in his regalia an actual sword and staff of which those existing are, so to speak, the descendants, preserving his name if not the precise form of the original objects. Some such a staff as this has been used at the Coronations of the Kings of England from very early times, possibly before even the Confessor's time, and its symbolism is that it guides the footsteps of the King—"Thy rod and staff shall guide me"—after his way of life is the path of royalty. St. Edward's staff is a rod of gold nearly 4ft. 5in. in length; it is banded at intervals with bands of ornamental foliage, also of gold. It is short with steel and at its tip is a golden "mound," or orb, surmounted by a cross-patée. In the old days—so tradition says—there was a piece of the true Cross within the mound, and the original Staff was therefore an extremely sacred object, as the shrine of such a relic would be. The character of the foliage of the bands round the staff shows it to be, like most of the other Royal objects which make up our King's Treasury, of post Restoration date. It was, in fact, made by Sir Robert Vyner for the Coronation of Charles II. The staff of St. Edward was borne by the Duke of Grafton at the Coronation of King William IV. and Queen Adelaide, and by the Duke of Roxburgh at the Coronation of Queen Victoria.

The Royal Sceptre

THE Royal Sceptre, surmounted by the orb and cross, is one of the most splendid objects of the Regalia, and one of the most beautiful pieces of rococo jewellery now existing in the world. It was made for the Coronation of Charles II. by Sir Robert Vyner, the Royal goldsmith, and remains much the same as it was when it left his hands. The sceptre is of gold, 2ft. 9in. long, richly jewelled at either end, and banded with enamelled and jewelled bands. At the top is the orb and cross, surmounting a crown-like ornament. Originally a *fleur-de-lys* supported the orb and crown, but this has been altered since Sir R. Vyner's time. The cross patée at the top is thickly encrusted with diamonds, the central one on either side being an exceptionally large stone. The cross rises up on the orb, which is one great faceted amethyst. Round the orb is a jewelled band of diamonds and rubies; over it runs the band on which the cross rests, and it is supported by four upright bars set with magnificent emeralds and sapphires. The orb and crown thus glittering with precious jewels rest upon the arches of the crown-like ornament already mentioned, and it is also studded with splendid rubies and sapphires and decorated with enamelled ornaments. The shaft of the sceptre is spiral above and vertically banded below, and round the shaft are rings of blue enamel set with diamonds. The handle is a most exquisite piece of goldsmith's work of white enamel set with rubies, sapphires and diamonds, and the butt of the sceptre is composed of a ball with a knob, the ball being banded at its junction with the handle with another wonderful ornament of enamel set with great rubies and emeralds. Of all the objects made by Sir R. Vyner at the restoration of the monarchy this sceptre is, perhaps, the most sumptuous and beautiful. "The head of this sceptre," says Mr. Davenport, who was permitted to examine the Regalia five years ago, "is so glittering and brilliant that it is difficult to make out the details of its form except by a very close examination, and it is, indeed, a marvellous and beautiful piece of jewellery." The Royal sceptre, with the cross, is placed in the right hand of the Sovereign at the Coronation.



THE POINTED SWORD OF TEMPORAL JUSTICE, BORNE BY THE EARL OF GALLOWAY

THE CURTANA, OR SWORD OF MERCY, BORNE BY THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE

THE POINTED SWORD OF SPIRITUAL JUSTICE, BORNE BY THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND

THE COMING CORONATION: SWORDS AND SCEPTRES BORNE IN GEORGE IV.'S PROCESSION



A DACIAN, SENATOR, CONSUL AND SLAVE

The Regalia and its Symbolism

So long a time has elapsed since the Coronation of an English Sovereign—sixty-four years will have passed—come next month, since Queen Victoria was crowned in the Abbey—that the full significance of the solemn and sacred rites which accompany that interesting ceremonial are but dimly known to and vaguely appreciated by the present generation. How many are there, for instance, who know that it is held part of the Common Law of England that the King when anointed with holy oil becomes invested with *spiritual* jurisdiction, and that the three swords borne before him as he enters the Abbey, the blunted Sword of Mercy and the pointed Swords of Justice, spiritual and temporal, typify his claim to such jurisdiction? How many realise that the King is an ecclesiastical as well as a civil governor? That he is a priest as well as a warrior, just as a Roman Emperor was Imperator and Pontifex? That only four Christian Kings had the privilege of being anointed with the holy oil or *chrisma*—the Kings of England, France, Jerusalem, and Sicily? That the anointing with the *chrisma* was anciently held to give a specially sacred character to the person so anointed, the *chrisma* being the residing place of the Third Person of the Trinity as the Eucharist is to the Second? Shakespeare, who illustrates and illumines everything, gives us in two lines (in *Richard II.*) the whole force of the doctrine:

Not all the water in the rough, rude sea
Can wash the balm off from an anointed King."

The first thing to be remembered, therefore, is that the King is, as Lyndwode, the English canonist, says, not a mere lay man, but a *persona mixta*, one in whom the clerical and the lay characters are combined. So strongly is this insisted upon that the medieval service for the Coronation, or sacring, of a King was almost precisely similar to that for the consecration of a bishop. A recent writer on the archaeology (if one may so term it) of Coronations has arranged the two services in parallel columns, thus:—

CONSECRATION OF A BISHOP.
Oath of obedience to the Metropolitan See and examination by the Metropolitan.

CONSECRATION OF THE KING.
Oath to observe the laws of St. Edward and instruction by the Metropolitan.

Litany; laying on of hands; and
Veni Creator.
Preface (like that of the Eucharist).
Anointing.

Delivery of the crozier, ring, and mitre, with the Book of the Gospels.

Eucharist.

Veni Creator and Litany

Preface (like that of the Eucharist).
Anointing and vesting with all
tunic, and stole.

Girding with sword, delivery of
bracelets, mantle (pallium regale),
crown, ring, sceptre, and rod.

Eucharist.

The vestments worn by the King are those worn by a bishop at Mass; the crown and sceptre are analogous to the mitre and crozier; the ring is common to bishop and king. The order of the actual sacring rite is, or was, as follows: (1) anointing; (2) vesting with the linen *Colobium sindonis*, the tunic or dalmatic, the shoes, buskins and spurs, the sword, the stole, the Imperial mantle; (3) delivery of the crown, the ring, the sceptres, and the orb. It will be seen that the *Colobium sindonis* answers to the priestly alb; the tunic or dalmatic and stole are priestly vestments; the Imperial mantle answers to the cope; the crown to the mitre; the sceptre to the crozier; the ring is common to both. The sword and spurs typify the warrior; the orb is an independent symbol of empire, the only one of the ancient symbolic regalia which belongs neither to priest nor warrior.

On another page we illustrate the four swords, the sword of St. Edward, and the Royal Sceptre. There is another sceptre, the Sceptre with the Dove—which is placed in the left hand of the Sovereign at the Coronation. From a very early period a sceptre surmounted by a white dove with outspread wings has been an essential part of the regalia of many countries. The dove, of course, typifies the Holy Spirit under Whose guidance and control were the actions of Kings. Although not so elaborate or brilliant a specimen of the goldsmith's craft as the Royal Sceptre with the cross, this sceptre is a very charming and interesting object. It is of gold, 3ft. 7in. in length, surmounted by an orb and a cross, and on the cross is perched the dove. The sacred emblem of the Holy Spirit is of white enamel, with eyes, beak and feet of gold. The cross on which it stands is of gold.

There are also three Sceptres appertaining to the Queen, which



BUGLERS

at the intersection of the arms and in the middle of each arm on either side, and the orb on which it stands is banded and arched over with diamonds. It is stated that the beautiful Queen's Sceptre with the Dove, which resembles in general that of the King surmounted by the same sacred emblem, was probably made for Mary, the Queen of William III. Its similarity to the King's Sceptre is accounted for by the desire that that King and Queen should have similar rites and ceremonies at their Coronation, each being a reigning monarch. Interesting, because it may probably be a copy of the ancient one destroyed by the Commonwealth, is the Queen's Ivory Rod or Ivory Sceptre with the Dove. The existing rod was made for Mary of Modena.

At the top is an orb of gold, enamelled with rose, thistle, harp, and fleur-de-lis, with blue quatrefoils, and banded and arched with golden bands. Surmounting the orb is a golden cross patee, upon which is perched an enamelled white dove with closed wings, and marked with lines of blue and purple at the wings and neck.

The Birthday of Rome

THE Birthday of Rome is still kept as an annual holiday by the Romans, but this year the day has been celebrated by an unusually splendid fête, at the Palatine, given by the International Artists Club. More than 700 people took part in the ancient Roman procession, which was composed of Numidian cavalry, Pretorians on horse and on foot, ensign-bearers, buglers, Dacians, slaves, cars drawn by oxen and litters for Patrician ladies, Patricians on horseback, car for holy water, chorus of men and women, priests and vestals, augurs, athletes, mimics, animals for the sacrifice (which were not sacrificed), actors and senators. The procession, having made the tour of the Palatine, was grouped in the Stadium, where an altar was erected, chairs placed for the senators, and a raised dais for the chorus.

Incense was burnt on the altar by the High Priest and Priestess to the goddesses Pala and Roma, and Horace's Secular Hymn sang by the chorus, after which began the games. Our illustrations are from photographs by Lucchesi and Rocchi, except that in the top-left-hand corner, which is by Gargioli.



A PATRICIAN LADY'S LITTER CARRIED BY SLAVES

are used in the Coronation—the Sceptre with the Cross, the Sceptre with the Dove and the Ivory Rod. The only jewels which ornament the Queen's Sceptre with the Cross are diamonds. This sceptre was made for Queen Mary of Modena; it is 2ft. 10in. in length and is of gold. The cross at the top has a large diamond

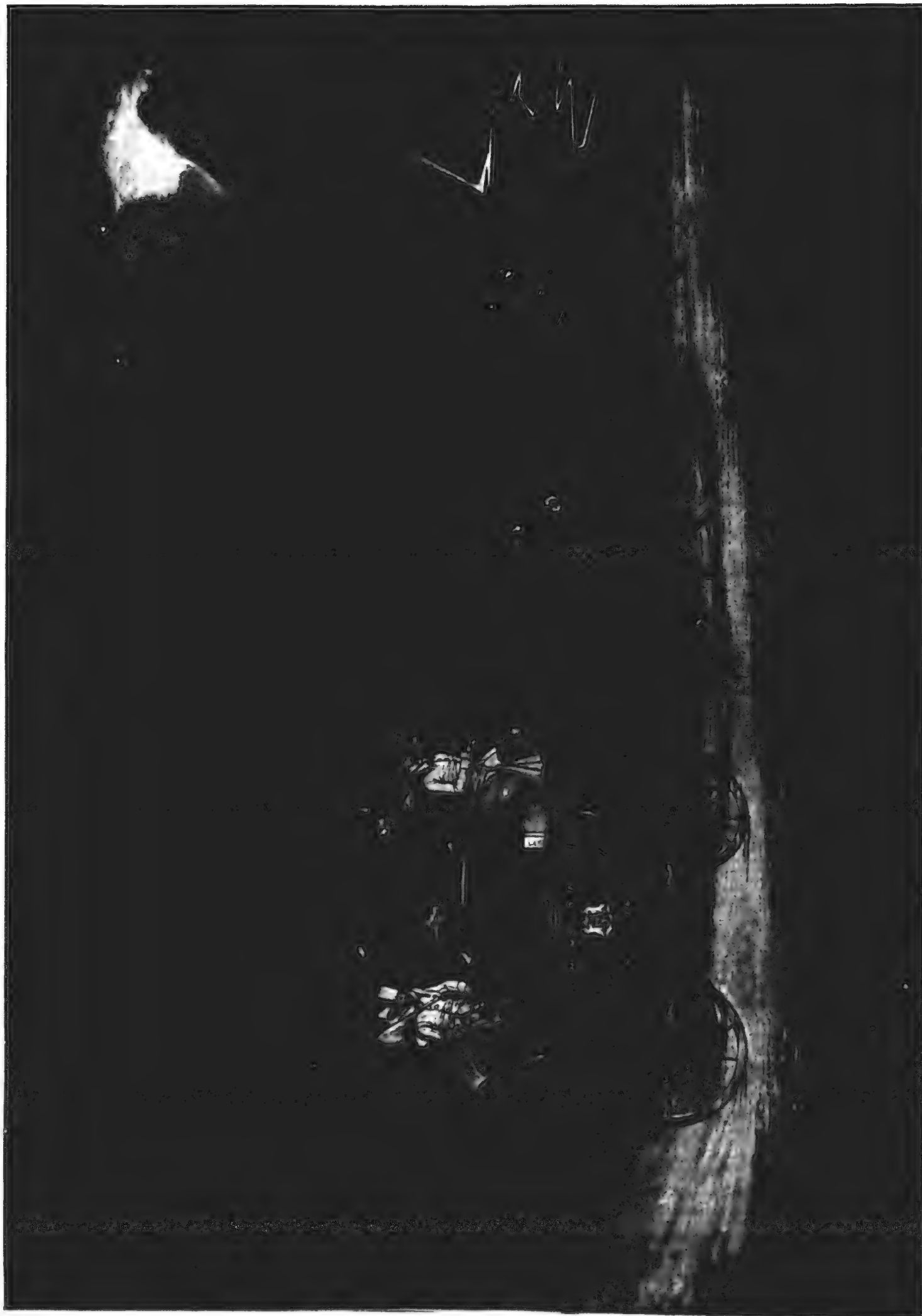


THE CAR OF PATRICIAN LADIES



THE CAR OF HOLY WATER

THE "BIRTHDAY OF ROME" FETE



THE MAIL COACH IN A THUNDERSTORM ON NEWMARKET HEATH
FROM THE PAINTING BY JAMES POLLARD, 1827

Our Portraits

THE greatest name in the world of finance to-day is John Pierpont Morgan. Ten years ago already it was a great name, but only as that of an ordinary banker; to-day it represents the highest financial genius, controlling and organising the leviathan combinations which are the latest expressions of economic enterprise and daring. John Pierpont Morgan is not in the ordinary sense a "self-made man." He was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and he received the training and education of a gentleman. His great-great-grandfather was, of course, an Englishman. He emigrated to Massachusetts in 1636, and founded a family of substance and respectability. Early last century, one of his descendants, Junius Spencer Morgan by name, married the daughter of the Rev. John Pierpont, of Holyoke, and settled in Hartford. There, on April 17, 1837, was born John Pierpont Morgan. The elder Morgan became a rich dry goods merchant, then a banker, and so commended himself to George Peabody, that he was made his American representative. When Peabody died in 1864, Junius Morgan went to London as head of the whole banking business and eventually changed the name of the firm to J. S. Morgan and Co. When he died he was one of the richest men in the world.

Meanwhile his son, John Pierpont, had in the old-fashioned way been taught to shift for himself. After a good education at the Boston High School and the University of Göttingen, he entered the banking firm of Duncan, Sherman and Co. as a clerk. In 1860 he established himself in business as a banker on his own account and was so successful, that when his father went to London to take over the Peabody firm, he succeeded to the London agency. From that moment his path was clear. Within a very few years his name became a power. His first great successes were accomplished as a rival and a sort of antidote to Jay Gould. Gould's method of making a fortune was by wrecking and looting great railway properties. In the ruin and destruction thus caused Morgan found his opportunity. It became his business to rescue the railways from the wreckers, to reorganise them and to place them on the high road to prosperity. The contest was a hard one, but he succeeded, and in succeeding added substantially to his fortune. Meanwhile he was intent on making his firm a

firm, besides many other branches of activity involved in the same industry. So also in the "Atlantic Combine," it will probably be found that it is not a mere consolidation of steamship lines which is aimed at, but the combination of a whole system of traffic and transit in which both steamship and railway will work together under one management.



THE HOUSE IN WHICH THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE WAS BORN IN MARTINIQUE

The Rev. Robert William Radclyffe Dolling, more generally known as Father Dolling, entered the Church in 1883, when he was over thirty years of age, his earliest Church work having been done in the East End as a layman. After serving for a few months as curate of Corscombe, Dorset, he was appointed, in 1885, to take charge of Winchester College Mission at Landport, Portsmouth, where, for ten years, he carried on a most extensive work. The numerous activities of which he was the guiding spirit rendered his

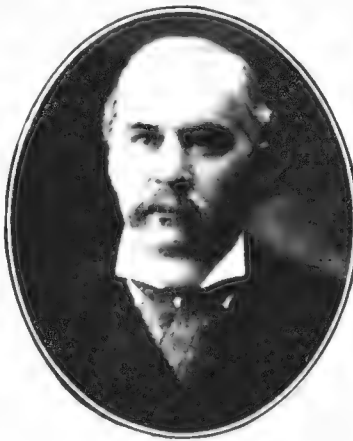
settled cure, contenting himself with holding missions here and there as opportunity was given; but in 1898 he accepted from the rector of Poplar the vicarage of St. Saviour's, a parish of some 10,000 people, where he laboured indefatigably. A few weeks since he announced that he must rest. The rest, however, came too late in the day, and he died, there is little doubt, a victim to overwork. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Mr. Athelstan Braxton Hicks, Coroner for the South Western district of London and the Kingston division of Surrey, was in his forty-eighth year. He was a son of the late Dr. John Braxton Hicks, a celebrated obstetric surgeon, and was called to the Bar in 1875. Before his appointment as Coroner seventeen years ago, he was Deputy Coroner for the City of London and Borough of Southwark, the City of Westminster and the West London district. He had for some years been honorary secretary of the Coroners' Society of England and Wales, and was a recognised authority on all matters affecting coroners. Mr. Hicks will be greatly missed by the poor, for whose benefit he had a fund and clothes-box, and no needy person ever came before him without being assisted. Our portrait is by Whiteley, Bayswater.

Sir Arthur Arnold, who has just died at the age of sixty-seven, was the son of Mr. Robert Coles Arnold, of Framfield, Sussex, and the brother of Sir Edward Arnold. In 1863-64 he acted as Assistant-Commissioner of Public Works in Lancashire, and he wrote a "History of the Cotton Famine." He was also the first editor of the *Echo*, and in 1873 unsuccessfully contested the borough of Huntingdon. He was more successful in 1880, when he entered the House of Commons as one of the Liberal members for Salford. In 1885, however, when he presented himself as a candidate for the newly formed Northern Division of Salford, he was defeated, and he failed to recover the lost ground in the following year, when he came forward as a supporter of Home Rule. In 1892 he unsuccessfully contested the Northern Division of Dorset. Sir Arthur Arnold took a great interest in the municipal government of London. He was elected an alderman of the London County Council in 1889, and presided over that body from 1895 to 1897. For a time he occupied the position of president of the Free Land League. He



THE LATE FATHER DOLLING
The well-known East End Vicar



MR. J. PIERPONT MORGAN
The great American Financier



M. AUGUSTE RODIN
The French Sculptor, now on a visit to England



THE LATE SIR A. ARNOLD
Formerly Chairman L.C.C.



THE LATE MR. A. BRAXTON HICKS
Coroner

world-power. His ideas of combination were first applied to his own firm. In 1871 he induced the great Philadelphia house of Drexel and Co. to throw in its fortunes with his. Then in Paris arose the house of Morgan, Harjes and Co., and these, together with J. S. Morgan of London and J. P. Morgan of New York, formed a banking network which was rivalled only by the ramifications of the House of Rothschild. The strength of this combination was shown when Mr. Morgan formed the syndicate which floated 200,000,000 dols. of Government bonds in the Hayes administration. Until late in the nineties, Mr. Morgan held fast by railway finance and banking. At the same time he launched into loan mongering, and became the head of the movement which first made the United States a creditor power in the world's money market. He practically reorganised the whole railway system of the United States, and seemed disposed to rest content with this achievement and the colossal fortune it had brought him. With "trusts," so called, he had had little or nothing to do, although the success of the Rockfellers with the Standard Oil Company was already there to show what an immense field lay open to the genius of the New York banker. In 1900, however, he became acquainted with Mr. Charles M. Schwab, and the result of this acquaintance was the gigantic "consolidation" or "Trust" known as the United States Steel Corporation. This is the greatest limited liability company in the world, its capital being 250,000,000/. Since then he has become still more famous by his scheme for consolidating the Atlantic Steam Traffic, which seems destined to transfer to the United States the command of the passenger traffic on the Atlantic Ocean. There is nothing very original about these enterprises except their magnitude. For years past federations of manufacturers to regulate prices have existed in this country as well as in America and in Germany. Even Trusts, consisting of the consolidation of many cognate firms, have long been a feature in the trade of this country. Where Mr. Morgan has struck out a new line has been in his efforts to bring all the allied and subsidiary ramifications of a great industry under one management no matter how vast the field to be covered. Thus, in the Steel Corporation, it is not only the making of steel that is controlled, but also the mining of the iron, the making of the coke, and the distribution of the finished product by railways and steamships owned by the same

church a striking example of Anglican enterprise in the South of England, and, in addition to his talents as an organiser, he also possessed a reputation as a preacher. In 1895, on his retirement from the mission he was for some time without a



This statue, which is the work of Signor Antonio Chiantone of Lugano, is to be unveiled at Montreux at the end of this month
A MEMORIAL TO THE LATE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA

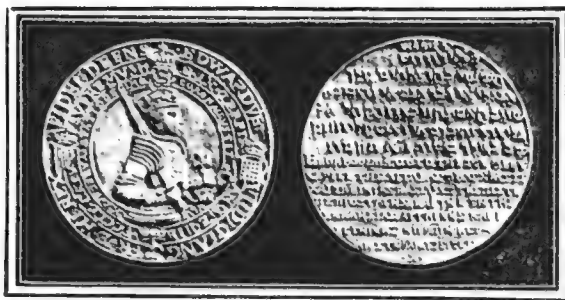
received his knighthood in 1895. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

M. Auguste Rodin, the famous sculptor who has been paying a visit to England, was born in Paris about sixty years ago. He received, with many other pupils, some instruction from Barye, then he was six years in the studio of Carrier-Belleuse, while from 1871 to 1877 he worked with a Belgian artist by the name of Van Rasburg. He exhibited in the Salon for the first time in 1877, the statue called "The Age of Bronze," and was subsequently commissioned by the French Government to make a bronze door for the Museum of Decorative Arts. One of his most remarkable works is the bronze group executed for Calais—it is called "The Burghers of Calais," and is placed in a public square in that city. The marble statues of Balzac, of Victor Hugo, the St. John the Baptist in the Luxembourg, and the groups called "The Kiss Carried by the Waves" and "The Kiss of the Wave," are among the most famous of an amazing number of works. Last year a replica in bronze of the head of St. John the Baptist and another bronze, "The Thinker," were purchased by subscription for the South Kensington Museum. Our portrait is by G. C. Beresford, Yeoman's Row, S.W.

Our portrait last week of the late Viscount F. de Montmorency was from a photograph by Messrs. Russell and Sons, and not by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, as inadvertently stated.

Our Supplement

Our supplement this week is one of a set of paintings by James Pollard, another in the same series being "The Mail Coach in a Flood," which we published on November 16 last year. James Pollard, who was amazingly prolific in producing pictures of coaching life, came of a family of painters, engravers, and etchers, dating back into the eighteenth century. His earlier productions, which he drew and engraved himself, were published about 1815, and the present series came some ten years later.



EDWARD VI., 1547
The first Coronation Medal executed in England. Probably issued at the Archbishop's Palace at Lambeth



JAMES I., JULY 25, 1603



ANNE, CONSORT OF JAMES I.



CHARLES I., 1620
Executed by Nicholas Briot



CHARLES II., 1661
Engraved by Thomas Simon at a charge of £110. Probably the finest Medal in the English series



JAMES II., APRIL 23, 1685
Executed by John Roettler



MARY OF MODENA, CONSORT OF JAMES II.
Executed by John Roettler, 1685



WILLIAM III. AND MARY, 1689
Executed by John Roettler



QUEEN ANNE, APRIL 23, 1702
Executed by John Croker



GEORGE I., OCTOBER, 1714
Executed by John Croker



GEORGE II., OCTOBER 11, 1727
Executed by John Croker



QUEEN CAROLINE, CONSORT OF GEORGE II.
Executed by John Croker



GEORGE III., SEPTEMBER 22, 1761
Executed by John L. Natter



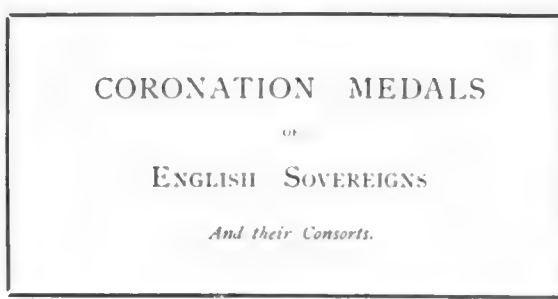
CHARLOTTE, CONSORT OF GEORGE III.
Executed by John L. Natter



GEORGE IV., JULY 29, 1821
Executed by Pistrucci



WILLIAM IV. AND HIS CONSORT ADELAIDE, SEPT. 8, 1831
Executed by Wyon



QUEEN VICTORIA, JUNE 28, 1838
Executed by Pistrucci

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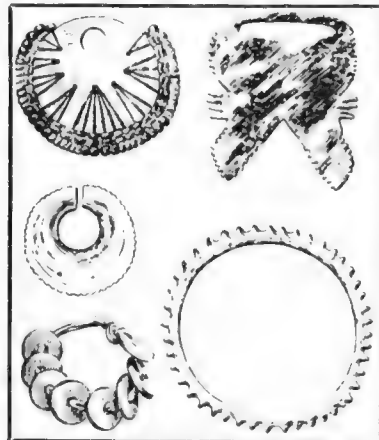
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The Royal Society's Conversazione

THE Royal Society held its annual Conversazione last week at Burlington House, when many of the latest discoveries of science were exhibited. A very interesting exhibit was a folding range-finder (infantry model), shown by Prof. G. Forbes.



A COLLECTION OF EARRINGS FROM BRITISH NEW GUINEA

The range-finder has two parts, a 6ft. base, folding to 3ft., and a field glass. Each half of the base has at each end a doubly reflecting prism, reflecting the rays from the target (1) at the outer prisms, and (2) at the middle prisms, through a right angle in each case, but in opposite directions. The field glass is a binocular with a balloon photographed on glass in each focal plane. One of these is movable horizontally by a micrometer. Looking through the binocular one sees the target and a balloon at different distances. The micrometer screw is turned until both are equally distant. The micrometer scale then gives the distance in hundreds of yards.

The Director of the British Museum (Natural History) showed some models of deep sea fishes (*Gastrophilus bairdi* and *Scopharynx flagellum*), constructed from the figures and text of Goode and Bean's "Oceanic Ichthyology" and Gunther's "Report on the Deep Sea Fishes of the Challenger Expedition." Mr. W. M. Morley and Mr. G. L. Fricker exhibited an electricity meter for either direct current or alternate current, intended especially for consumers having a comparatively small number of lamps. It consists of an ordinary clock, deprived of its hair-spring, and carrying a few pieces of iron wire or strip on its balance wheel. This balance wheel is surrounded by a coil



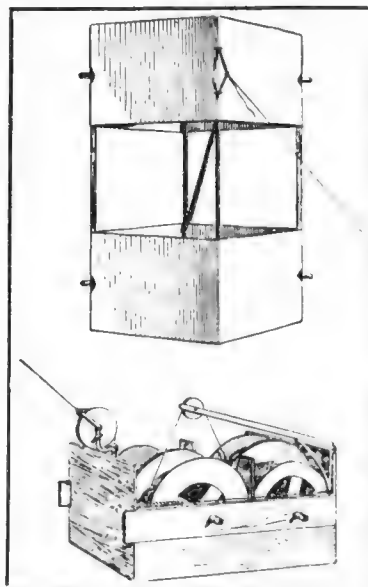
A NEW RANGE-FINDER

of wire conveying the current to be measured. With this arrangement the oscillations of the balance wheel are directly proportional to the current through the coil, with either direct or alternate current. The clock therefore goes at a speed proportional to the current, but does not go at all when there is no current. Geared to the clock is a counter which records the ampere-hours or (on constant pressure circuits) the kilowatt-hours or Board of Trade units. The meter is accurate for the smallest load met with in practice, e.g., one 5 c.p. or 8 c.p. lamp. When used with alternate currents it is unaffected by changes of periodicity. The clock requires to be wound up about every three months. This does not involve any extra visits of the meter inspector.

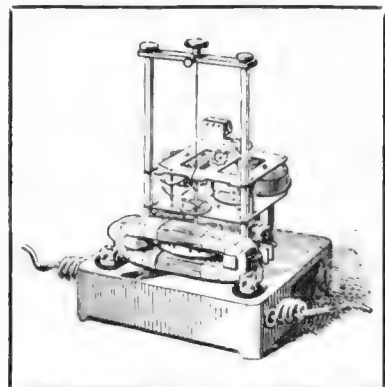
A collection of ear-rings from British New Guinea exhibited by Dr. A. C. Haddon, illustrated the great variety of form that occurs among the ear-rings made by the tribes of the central district of British New Guinea. The majority of these ornaments came from the Koiari tribe, who live on the hills in the interior. A curious exhibit was that shown by Mr. W. H. Dines. It consisted of a kite and winding-in apparatus for raising meteorological instruments. The wire by which the kite is flown, passes round two strain pulleys some twelve to fifteen times to relieve the tension, and is finally wound on a reel that runs loose on the shaft of one of the pulleys. There is an arrangement by which the tension under which the wire is wound is regulated automatically, also a dynamometer which shows the tension of the wire, and a counter that shows how much wire is out.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.—"The Royal Blue Book: Court and Parliamentary Guide" (Kelly's Directories, Limited) has now reached its eightieth year of publication, and its 101st edition. It appears twice a year in January and May. The usefulness of the book has often been acknowledged in these pages. Besides being a capital directory to the better-class residents in the district comprised in the area bounded by Hampstead on the North, the Chelsea reaches of the Thames on the South, Finsbury Circus on the East, and Hammersmith on the West, it contains several official lists which are very valuable and easy of reference. These include lists of officials at Government offices, judges and legal officials, members of both Houses of Parliament, British Ministers abroad, foreign Ministers and Consuls, clubs and banks, societies and institutions.—"The Royal Red Book" (A. Webster and Co.), the Coronation edition of which is just published, covers much the same ground as its rival publication. It contains a directory and official lists of all kinds, including one of the Mayors of the metropolis.

"The Anglers' Diary and Tourist Fishermen's Gazetteer of the Rivers and Lakes of the World" (Horace Cox), gives information as to the various places suited to anglers, tells what kind of fish is to be caught at each, and how to arrive at each place by rail.



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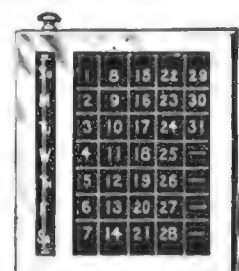
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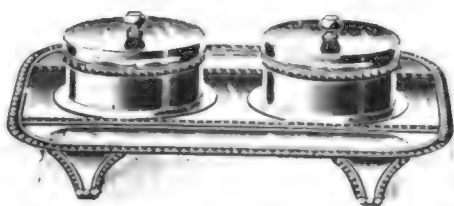
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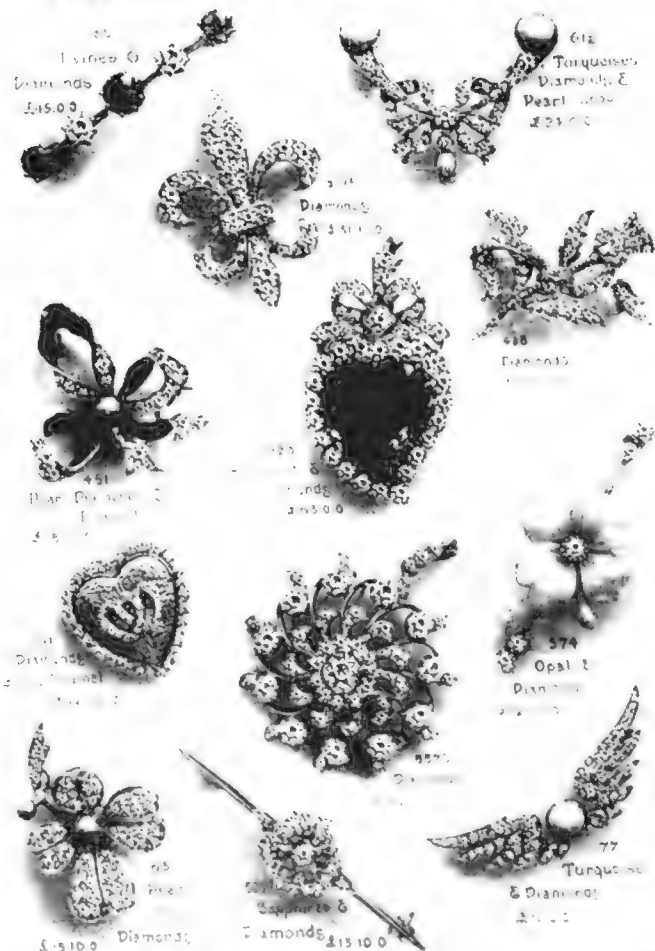
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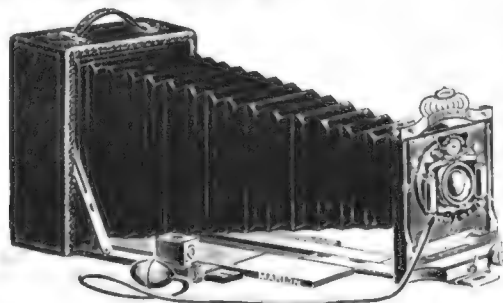
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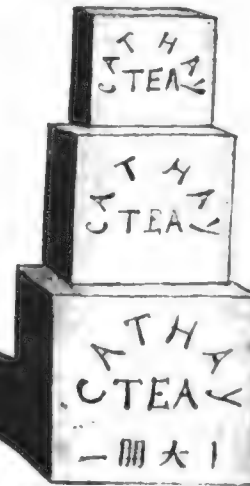
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The terrible railway accident last March, in which many men of the Hampshire Regiment were killed, occurred five miles north of Barberton, in the Transvaal. The accident happened when the train was running down a steep gradient, through the driver losing control of the engine. For three miles the train dashed along at the rate of eighty miles an hour. Then came a sharp curve. The engine jumped the rails, the boiler bursting as the locomotive fell over. The driver and the stoker



SOME OF THE TRUCKS

were killed on the spot, while six trucks filled with a detachment of the Hampshire Regiment were smashed to pieces. The train guard, a man named Ross, saved the passenger carriage by sticking to his van and holding on to the brake. Forty-four soldiers were killed and forty-two injured. Our illustrations are from photographs by W. S. Scott, C.E., Johannesburg.

THE FATAL RAILWAY ACCIDENT AT BARBERTON IN THE TRANSVAAL

Our Bookshelf

"AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SIR WALTER BESANT"

THE world of letters—nay, the world at large—has suffered an incalculable loss by the death of Sir Walter Besant. Not only was he a writer of unusual talent and refinement, but he rendered immense service to literature, and he earned the gratitude of many a young writer, who benefited by the help and advice he was ever ready to give. Although Sir Walter had in reality finished the story of his life before he died, he did not live to prepare it for the press. This, however, has been most admirably done by his old friend, Mr. S. Squire Sprigge.

Besant was born at Portsea in 1836. Great changes have taken place in the town since then, but he says that as a child he and his brothers and sisters used to play on the lines of fortification that run between Portsea and Portsmouth, and also to Gosport. "One of the bastions was our special delight," he writes. "It was the last on the side of the harbour. . . . They called it the Queen's Bastion." This playground of theirs he describes in "By Celia's Arbour," which was published in the GRAPHIC in 1877.

We (Leonard, Celia, and Ladislav Pulaski, who tells the story) were standing, as I said, in the north-west corner of the Queen's Bastion, the spot where the grass was the longest and greenest, the wild convolvulus most abundant, and where the noblest of the great elms which stood upon the ramparts. "To catch the enemy's shells," said Leonard—threw out a gracious arm laden with leafy foliage to give a shade. We called the place Celia's Arbour.

Of the whole story of "By Celia's Arbour," in fact, he says: "I have put so much of my own childhood into that book. . . ."

"Autobiography of Sir Walter Besant." (Hutchinson.)

Before settling down as a writer of books, Besant passed through many vicissitudes. He finished his education at Christ's College, Cambridge, where he became the intimate friend of "incomparably the most brilliant, the finest scholar, the most remarkable man from every point of view" of his (Besant's) time, Calverley. Upon leaving Cambridge he became a schoolmaster at Leamington, with the idea of eventually taking orders. But finding, on consideration, that this suited neither his taste nor his conscience, he jumped at the opportunity offered him of taking a Colonial professorship at the College of Port Louis, Mauritius. After six years of this life he returned to England, and was appointed Secretary of the Palestine Exploration Fund.

During the eighteen years he was secretary of this fund, he did a considerable amount of writing, mostly on French literature. His first novel was, as is well known, "Ready Money Mortiboy," written in conjunction with Rice, who at that time was proprietor and editor of *Once a Week*. With regard to this collaboration, Sir Walter Besant writes:

I have often been asked to explain the method of collaboration adopted by Rice and myself. The results were certainly satisfactory so far as popularity was concerned, a fact which goes a long way to explaining this curiosity, no other literary collaboration having been comparable, in this country, with ours for success. My answer to the question was always the same. It is impossible that I should offer any explanation or give any account of this method, seeing that my collaborator has been dead since the year 1882. It is enough to state that we worked without disagreement; that there was never any partnership between us in the ordinary sense of the word, but that the collaboration went on from one story to another always without any hindering conditions, always liable to be discontinued, while each man carried on his own independent literary work, and was free to write fiction, if he pleased, by himself.

In eighteen years Sir Walter wrote eighteen novels.

Of these eighteen novels (he writes) by far the best, in my own judgment, is

"Dorothy Forster." It was, I think, in 1869 that I first visited what is, perhaps, the most interesting county in the whole of England, Northumberland. It was in Bamborough Castle that I first heard the story of Dorothy Forster. It occurred to me then, before I had begun to think of becoming a novelist, that the story was a subject which presented great possibilities, but as yet I had only written one story, which was a failure.

After his marriage the eminent novelist discovered that his wife's family had changed their name—in the year 1698 or thereabouts—from Forster to Barham; that they were descendants of the Forsters of Addlestone and Bamborough, and that Dorothy Forster was his wife's cousin, though ever so many times removed. We trust our readers will not accuse us of self-glorification if we continue the quotation about Dorothy Forster. Sir Walter adds:—

In 1883 I wrote the story—with great ease, because it was already in my head—and in 1884 it came out in THE GRAPHIC, being most beautifully illustrated by my late friend, Charles Green, whose drawing, to my mind, was surpassed by few, whilst his conscientious care in the selection of the most telling situations and in draping his models with correct costumes was beyond all praise.

Unfortunately, with the exception of the single remark, "In 1891 I produced the first of four books on London—they were called *London, Westminster, South London, and East London*"—he makes no mention of these masterpieces of erudition and research, although he has a short chapter on the "Survey of London." This chapter, Mr. Sprigge informs us, gives only an outline of the author's design; but Sir Walter Besant intended to make additions to it, and also to allude here in detail to his several books on London. Moreover, he hoped that the *Survey* would see the light during his life, when the work would speak for itself. His autobiography is one that should be read by all. A scholar who was never a pedant, a beautiful dreamer who was a practical teacher, a modest and sincere man speaks in its pages, and teaches with conviction a brave scheme of life.

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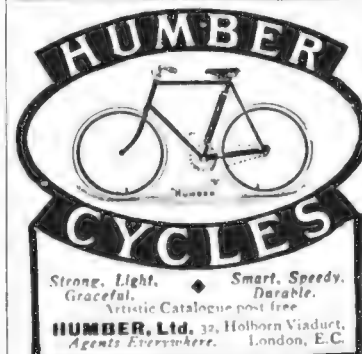
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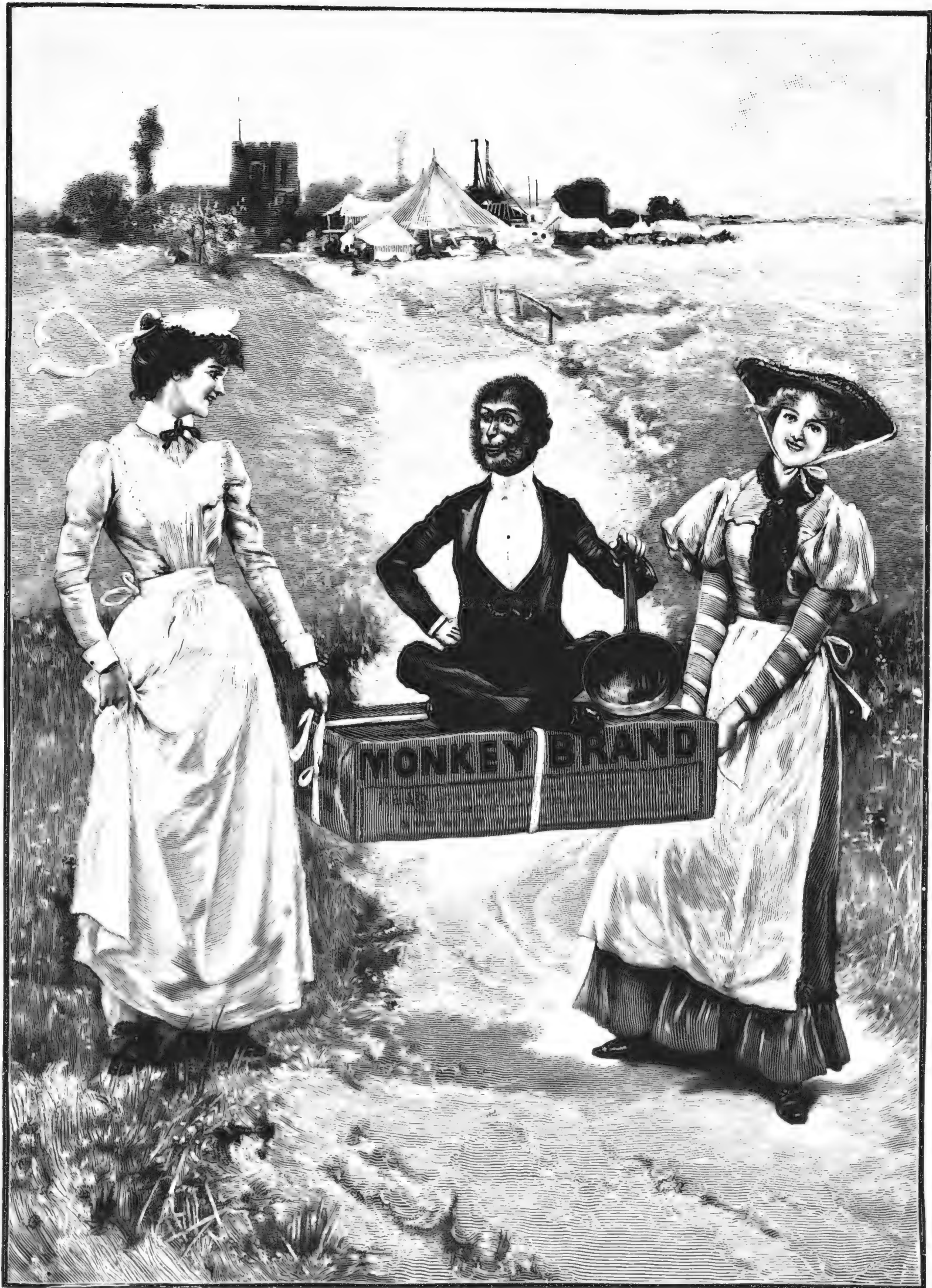
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"THE GUARDIAN OF MARIE ANTOINETTE"

No more interesting picture of French Court Life during the days of Marie Antoinette has been given to us for many a long day than Miss Lillian Smythe's excellent translation of the letters of the Comte de Mercy-Argeuteau. The letters have, of course, been long well known to students, but it is safe to say that few English readers know them. The Comte de Mercy-Argeuteau was Austrian Ambassador to the Court of Versailles and the trusted friend of Marie Thérèse. It was to his care she confided her daughter, when as a mere child she was sent over to marry the semi-imbecile Dauphin, and very loyally, if rather fustily, did he discharge his task. He is often regarded as something of an old woman, but after reading these letters that judgment seems harsh. Clever he certainly was. He impressed the world at large as an acute diplomatist; and the shrewd Empress made him her privately appointed guardian of Marie Antoinette's manners, mind, and morals, while he had to retain the confidence of Louis XV. to be on friendly terms with all the various cliques at Court, to advise, watch over and warn Marie Antoinette, see to her expenditure, her education, her manners, her Court etiquette, her daily exercise, her clothes, and even—her underclothes. The fact that he wrote to the Empress almost daily and managed to do it with inviolable secrecy, at a time when the easiest method of publishing any matter was to post it, speaks volumes for his astuteness, while when the Revolution began to lift its head long after his guardianship had ended, no one could have striven more loyally, although he was seventy-two and broken in health, to save the life of his old mistress. The book teems with vivid little glimpses of the characters of Marie Antoinette and her unprepossessing husband; the letters are alive from first to last, while the pictures of French Court Life bring home to one once more the degradation which the Revolution so mercilessly swept away. Miss Smythe has very cleverly pieced together the letters so as to make a continuous narrative, and the two handsome volumes, with their many beautifully reproduced portraits, make fascinating reading. ("The Guardian of Marie Antoinette. Letters from the Comte de Mercy-Argeuteau, Austrian Ambassador to the Court of Versailles, to Marie Thérèse, Empress of Austria." By Lillian C. Smythe. Two Vols. Hutchinson and Co.)

"GREEK COINS AND THEIR PARENT CITIES"

Even those to whom the sound of the words "coin collection" means boredom will find much to fascinate them in this handsome and lavishly illustrated volume, though possibly one of the chief thoughts occurring to the many who turn over its pages and examine in the most cursory manner the beautiful reproductions of Greek coins will be a regret that our present coinage should have fallen so immeasurably in artistic value. Such a work as Mr. Ward's "Greek Coins and Their Parent Cities," however, is likely to considerably diminish the number of those who, for want of any knowledge of the subject, run away from coin collectors and leave unvisited the splendid collections of coins in the British Museum. Again it may incite a host of people to start collecting, even as the same author's work on Scarabs gave one a new knowledge of and interest in those quaint relics. Mr. Ward has made his book more for the use of the general public than for scholars, and, therefore, it is written in a popular style, and even should it not make many numismatists, it will arouse interest in the study of the Greeks generally, which can only be a benefit.

Appended to the illustrated catalogue of Mr. Ward's own private collection described by Mr. G. F. Hill, the British Museum expert on the subject, is a most interesting account of an imaginary tour to all the parent cities of the coins written by Mr. Ward himself—and the worst effect this can possibly have is that it will probably result in sending a stream of tourists to these fascinating places, which have, as yet, been kept as a happy hunting ground all for themselves by the few artists and literary men who know of their charm. But the idea of interesting the reader in the places where the coins were found, and not only in the dynasties which they represent, is excellent. The medallion which we reproduce is enlarged two diameters. It is a gold dekadrachm and the work of the sculptor or engraver Euainetos, who worked with much distinction in Syracuse. The ancient world had the highest possible opinion of Euainetos, and his medallions were copied in many places of old Greece for a century



DEKADRACHM BY EUAINETOS
(Enlarged two diameters)

From "Greek Coins and Their Parent Cities." By John Ward. (Murray)

after his time. Says Mr. Ward:—"Whatever the event was that the medallions commemorated, it was a memorable one that called for the finest medallion work the world has ever seen." Opinions vary as to whether they were struck to commemorate the victory of Dionysius over the Carthaginians or to signalise the great victory over the Athenian fleet (413 B.C.), and the new games which were established to commemorate it. They were known as the Asinarian Games, as they were held on the banks of the Asinarus, where the Athenians were signally defeated. The word AΘΑΑ on so many of the coins shows that they were intended to be awarded as

prizes in these athletic struggles; while the armour on the reverse typifies the spoil taken from the Athenians. The specimen shown is considered one of the best that came from the artist's hands. Mr. Ward is the well-known writer of a very interesting book on Egypt, "Pyramids and Progress," as well as of the work on Scarabs, above referred to, which we recently reviewed. ("Greek Coins and Their Parent Cities." By John Ward, F.S.A. John Murray, Albemarle Street.)

"THE HANDSOME QUAKER"

Katherine Tynan's (Mrs. Hinkson's) collection of eighteen stories (A. H. Bullen) is, above all things, distinguished by that poetic charm which even her slightest and lightest work never fails to display. Many, indeed most, of the contents of the present volume are very slight indeed, and depend mainly for their effect upon the magic of style. All are Irish in portraiture and subject; the first, the title story, being an anecdote of how Lord Edward Fitzgerald was generously saved from capture by a young Quakeress of Cork at the cost of her good name, and his no less generous vindication of it at his own peril. It is, however, impossible to deal separately with a number of stories, resembling one another in the quality of their charm, yet as infinitely varied as the lights and shadows of the land and life with which they deal.

"THE LIE CIRCUMSPECT"

"Rita's" new novel (Hutchinson and Co.) is not to be classed among her best, but it is sufficiently characteristic of its author to satisfy her large circle of unexacting admirers. Its interest centres in a lady who must be styled an adventuress, inasmuch as she has a secret to hide, and a deliberate intention of attracting the first eligible offer that comes her way—a wealthy peer preferred. The secret, however, is—so far as she is concerned—a wholly innocent one; and though she does succeed in winning her wealthy and not too youthful Earl, there is no reason to fear that he will repent his bargain. Subordinate to her is the lady who employs her as governess, and is troubled with a gambler and ex-convict for a husband, while a very widespread taste will be gratified by a naughty little boy and a naughty little girl, evidently destined for one another when their mischievousness becomes matured. Nothing amounts to much, but all is pleasant and wholesome enough so far as it goes.

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Music of the Week

THE "COMMAND" AT THE OPERA

PREPARATIONS are now actively being made for the "Command" performance which will take place at Covent Garden either on the 30th prox. or the following night. The whole of the grand staircase, the grand saloon, and the smoking-room will be taken by the Royal party, and this will avoid the clumsy expedient of erecting a special wooden staircase outside the principal entrance in Bow Street. The smoking-room will be given up to the ladies, while the foyer will be made into a species of Royal anteroom for light refreshments; food and drink 'les being, as usual on State occasions, provided by the Board of Green Cloth. This foyer will open directly into the State box, which, indeed, will be half a dozen private boxes in the centre of the grand tier thrown into one, so as to be capable of holding about 100 guests. The theatre will be decorated with artificial roses, among which a few real flowers will be mingled, while, with very few exceptions, the whole of the audience in the stalls and private boxes will be either in uniform or in levée dress. Stalls will be ten guineas and the gallery "slips" ten shillings. From the gallery itself the Royal party will, of course, not be visible.

THE CORONATION MUSIC

Several provincial Cathedrals have been invited to send a limited number of singers for the Coronation choir, so as to make it representative. Messrs. Ben Davies, Andrew Black, and Charles Saunders have also volunteered for the choir, as there will be no soloists. The choir will, of course, be exclusively male. Sir F. Bridge will conduct from an elevated position on the organ screen, surrounded by a band of eighty, who, like the choir—with the exceptions of the private band and of the singers of the Chapels Royal of St. James and Windsor, who will wear their archaic State uniforms—will be surplined. Sir Frederick Bridge, clad in Court dress, over which will be the gown and hood of Mus. Doc., will be

assisted in various parts of the service by Sir Walter Parratt, the King's "Master of the Musick," Sir George Martin of St. Paul's, and his brother, Dr. Bridge of Chester Cathedral.

There promises to be a splendid effect in Sir Hubert Parry's anthem. It is sung at the entrance of the King into the Abbey, where the Abbey chorists, meeting His Majesty at the door, will start the anthem, which will be taken up antiphonally by the big choir in the Abbey itself. Then the anthem will proceed until the King sets foot on the platform before the altar, when the music will for a moment cease, and the Westminster School boys, from the triforium, will, in accordance to ancient custom, shout the Latin "Vivat Rex" (conducted by it said by their Head Master, himself an enthusiastic musician), with a running accompaniment for the orchestra. Then Sir Hubert Parry's new anthem (which, by the way, has been expressly "commanded" by the King) will be resumed. Sir F. Bridge's anthem is a very beautiful one, highly dramatic in parts, especially at the point where it was the ancient custom to announce the release of the prisoners, and containing a stirring march, but ending with a fanfare of a dozen silver trumpets (the instruments from the Tower of London), trombones and side drums.

THE OPERA

The inclement weather has played havoc with the operatic arrangements during the past week, although the curious fact has been noted that the cold and wet have affected the German vocalists far more than the delicate voices of the French and Italian singers. The most important of the *debuts*, beyond question, was that of Signor Caruso. Not for very many years—not indeed since the early seventies, when Campanini and Fancelli were in their prime—have we heard so luscious or true a tenor voice. There is no nasal defect about the vocal production, as is the case with so many other Italian singers, and although Signor Caruso has plenty of power, his *mezzo voce* is charming. He restored, in the scene before the Duke of Mantua summons the courtiers, in the third act of *Rigoletto*, the air which minor tenors have for the past few years omitted, while in the love duet, in the satire of woman's constancy, and elsewhere, he delighted one of the most brilliant audiences of the season. There can be little doubt that we at last have, at any rate for Italian opera, a tenor of the first rank. He is announced to-night (Saturday) to make his "second *debut*" in Puccini's *La Bohème*, of course with Madame Melba as the heroine.

One of the best performances of the past week was that of *Die Walküre*, despite the fact that the Sieglinde, Fräulein Donges, was unable to appear, and was replaced at the last moment by Frau Lohse. That young lady, however, the wife by the way of the Covent Garden conductor, is rapidly coming to the front at Covent Garden; for apart from a few vocal defects, which a short time under a good teacher would readily remedy, she has a capital soprano voice, rare artistic intelligence, and, moreover, a merit uncommon in modern *prima donne*, she has the advantage of youth.

The Wagner Cycle performances during the present week were *Siegfried* and *Tristan*.

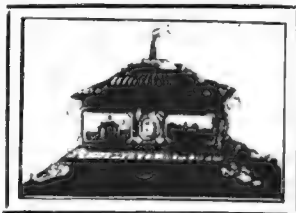
CONCERTS

To only a few of the most important concerts can we now refer. Many of them have been violin performances, for the past week has seen concerts by Kocian, Kubelik, Hartmann, Kleisler, Joachim, and others of lesser note. M. Kubelik, who reappeared at the

Philharmonic, was unwise to try Beethoven's Violin Concerto, for although he plays it carefully enough, the music is obviously unsympathetic to his style. The best feature of the Philharmonic performance, indeed, was a selection of movements from Mozart's long-lost music to the ballet, "Les Petits Riens." Dr. Joachim's final performance this season was attended by the Queen. The great violinist will return to us next April with his Berlin quartet party.

Presentation to the Hon. W. F. D. Smith

THE silver casket which was presented with the Freedom of the City of Henley to the Honourable William Frederick Danvers Smith, M.P., is decorated with coloured enamelled views of Henley Bridge and the Town Hall on the front, whilst the reverse bears the crest and motto of the recipient, with the following inscription:—"Presented to the Honourable William Frederick Danvers Smith, M.P., with the Freedom of the Borough of Henley-on-Thames, the 30th of April, 1902." The casket was designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., of 112, Regent Street, W.



Rural Notes

THE SEASON

It must be a long time since we had so miserable a May. As a whole, though, few Mays pass without great weather fluctuations. On the 17th May, 1893, we gathered a few wheat ears in a field near Cuckfield, in Sussex. Imagine a wheat ear in evidence last Saturday! Even in the South of France the earing of the wheat is not yet begun, and the temperature all over the Continent has been wretchedly low. On the same day (May 17) in 1899 we saw a white butterfly on the wing in one of the London parks. White butterflies have not been favoured by 1902 weather. But the recent cold spell has not been without precedent. Against May 18, we have for 1895 the note that "the weather became so bitterly cold that fires had to be resumed." On May 20, 1896, the dailies stated that "the weather after great heat has turned quite cold." The present writer cannot recall the Derby won by "Hermit" in a snowstorm, but it must have fallen at the end of May. In 1898 it is recorded that the temperature at noon on the first of June was only fifty-one degrees, and last year the first wheat ears shown at Mark Lane—where there is great competition among farmers to be first in the field—were not in evidence before June 7. The month of May is essentially a month of contrasts. In 1895 the 11th was a perfect summer day; the 28th in 1900 was hot and bright all through the sunlight hours; and on May 30, 1895, the truly remarkable heat of eighty-six degrees in the shade was recorded at Chiswick.

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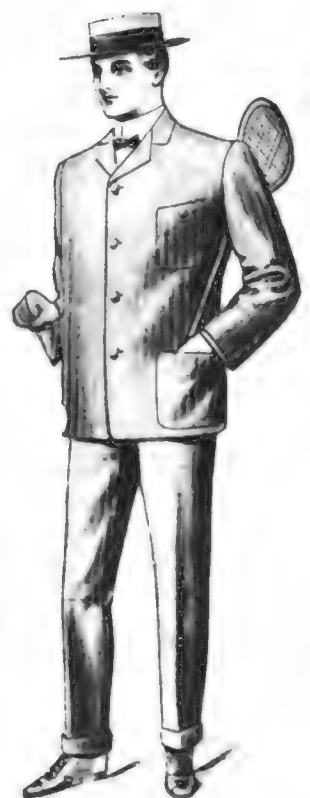
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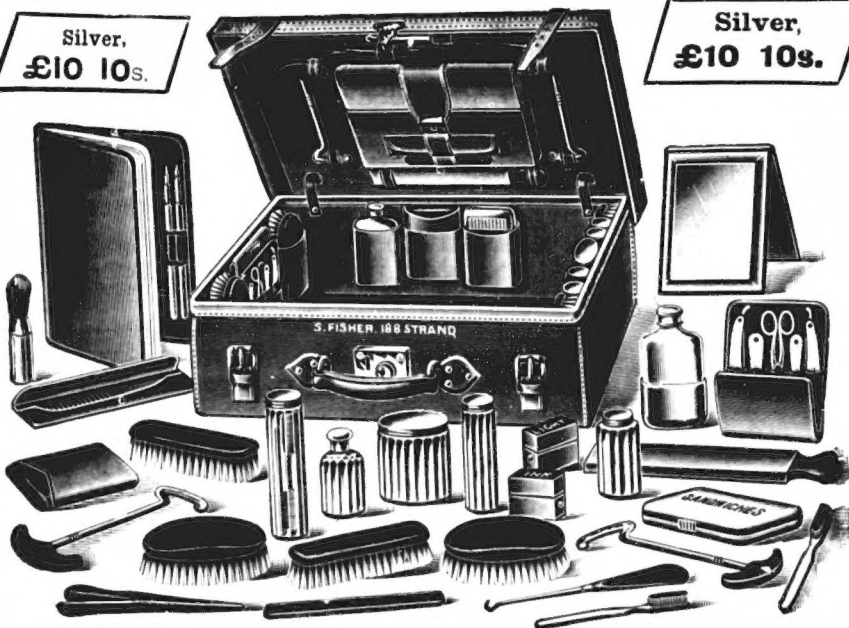
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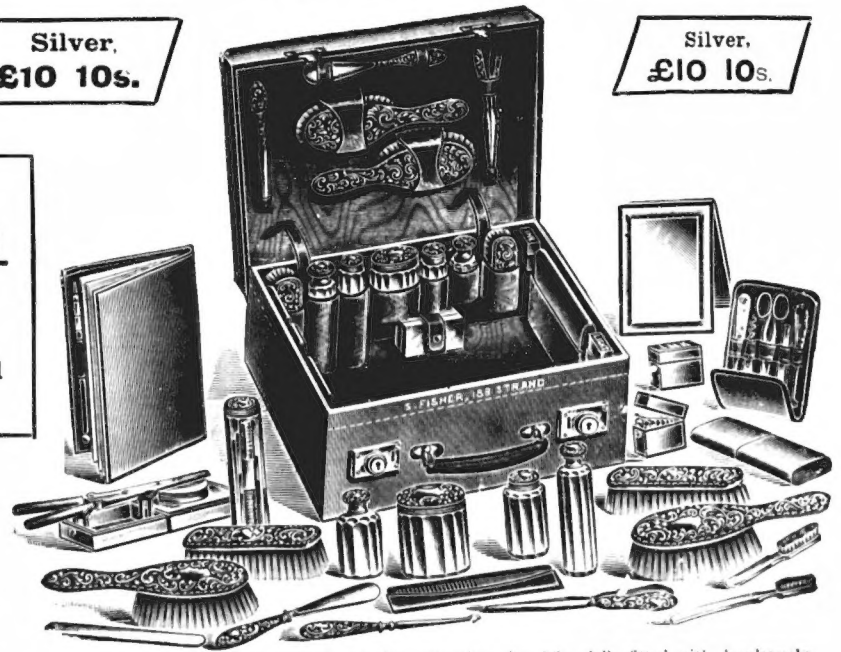
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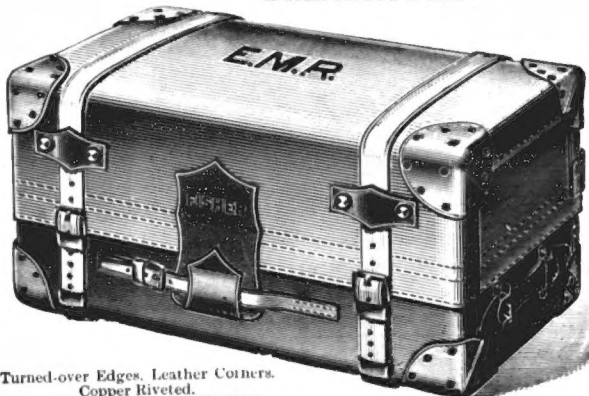
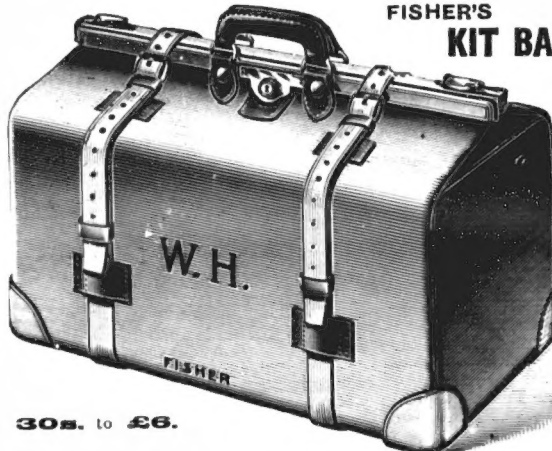
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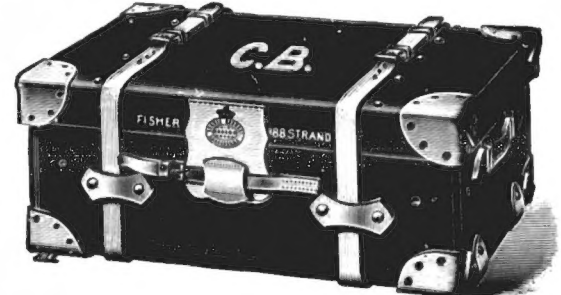
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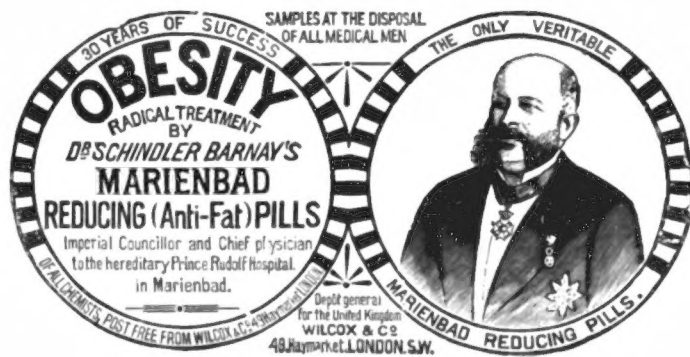
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